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Economics of the Week

Unemployment Assistance: A New Start?

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

I AM a little alarmed at talking at all about the thorny problem of assistance to the unemployed, having to speak, as I must so briefly, and with so much risk of misunderstanding. But with this matter filling the news and so many people's thoughts at present, if I were to talk about some nice safe subject—like the prospects of bimetallism in China, or planning in Chili, some of you might begin to wonder whether, before commenting on the news, I had thought of looking at the news.

I imagine that I hardly need to make it plain that I am giving my personal and private opinion only. What I say has nothing to do with my position as Chairman of the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee. That Committee works under Part I of the Unemployment Act of last year whose aim is to re-establish Unemployment Insurance as a self-supporting and self-contained scheme of unemployment benefit; a weekly payment which men may draw as of right without question as to their need or other means; may draw as a spreading of wages over a strictly limited time of waiting for work. The intention of Part I of the Act is to keep people in their trades and places during the inevitable fluctuations of employment. That is a relatively simple problem and the Committee of which I am Chairman has also a quite limited task of reporting from time to time on the finance of the insurance scheme, seeing that it is financially solvent, and suggesting, after consultation with contributors and beneficiaries, how its resources can be used to best advantage.

But the insurance benefit provided by Part I is for a limited period. What is to happen to the people who exhaust their claims to benefit before they get back to work? That is the problem which it is intended to solve by Part II of the Unemployment Act and the Unemployment Assistance Board.

On this problem, at the moment, most people seem to have one of two views. There is the view which was put to me the other day by a very able and fair-minded trade-unionist, that there ought to be no difference at all between people under Part II of the Act and under Part I of the Act—since in neither case were they responsible for their unemployment. Each should get just the same money payments on the same conditions. This would mean amalgamating Part I and Part II of the Act, putting them together again. On the other hand, there is the view implied in the Act itself, that people who exhaust their insurance claims should be treated differently from those on benefit, should get money payments, but payments on different conditions from those of Part I, should get assistance only after investigation of need, and with deductions for family resources.

I don't quite agree with either of those views. Both seem to miss the real point. The people who have been unemployed for a long time and have exhausted their right to benefit ought to be treated differently from those on benefit, not because they are responsible for their plight, but because they need something different. That is where I disagree with my trade union friend. But this 'something

different' that they need is not just money—either more or less. That is where I feel that not only this Government with Part II of the Unemployment Act, but all Governments for the past eight years at least have failed. The theory of unemployment insurance, of income secured as of right irrespective of other resources for a limited period, is that there will soon be work for the recipient to do of the sort that he has been doing before. He is being kept ready to take up that work. But if he remains unemployed for a very long time, one must come to the conclusion that there probably is no work for him to do in his trade and place, that he has to make a change; he may perhaps have something personally wrong with him; even if he has not anything personally wrong with him already, continued idleness is certainly going to be bad for him. The unemployed, who go on being unemployed, do not need just cash payments while waiting, but transference to profitable employment, if possible, training for a change of employment, occupation for their time and energies if there is no hope of profitable employment. They do not want just to be kept waiting for something to turn up when it is certain that nothing will turn up.

In normal times, with a scheme of insurance as generous as our own, there ought not to be many people who run out of benefit. Today we have three-quarters of a million unemployed on assistance to match our million on benefit. We have them largely for special reasons in particular regions, in the what are called 'depressed areas'. We have been keeping them just alive in those areas, in devastating idleness, for years. Now, it is easy to see and say that this is wrong. It is not easy—it is very difficult—to say just what one would do in practice to better it. I'm not going to try here. I couldn't say it so briefly if I knew, and I don't know because it has never been my business to make a practical study of that problem. Perhaps that is why I am not despairing about it.

Those 750,000 men and women on assistance are a

human problem, and not just an economic problem. Because the problem they present is difficult, that is not a reason for passing by on the other side of the road. It is a reason for using all the resources of the country on it, not leaving it to a few devoted philanthropists without resources—to teach, say, thirty boys to make furniture, and fifty miners to dig a swimming pool in a town where 1,500 miners have been unemployed for years.

This Government has made a beginning by appointing a Special Commissioner for the depressed areas. But, obviously, he needs more power to his elbow, far more power than there is any sign of his having yet. The problem of the decline of our major trades and transition to a new order in Britain needs the whole strength and steady attention of a group of the most important people in the Government; it has never had that attention under this Government, or any Government before, of whatever party.

In bringing Part II of the Unemployment Act into operation—the Unemployment Assistance part—the Government, as they frankly admit, made a miscalculation; they meant to give more and they find that they are giving less. They are reconsidering now both the scale of assistance and the treatment of those who were uninsured before. I hope with all my heart that this reconsideration which is being undertaken because of miscalculation about the scales won't be limited to making those scales a little better suited to the needs. One can't make a good job of dealing with chronic unemployment by cash payments, whether large or small payments, whether equal to insurance benefit, or less or more. Why shouldn't the present trouble about assistance scales lead to a fresh attack, with all the forces of Government and all the practical ingenuity of our people, on the problem of depressed areas and decayed industries? If it does lead to that, then the trouble about the scales will be not a disaster but an opportunity. What an opportunity it might be!

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

Fascism in Italy

By Dr. H. FINER

Dr. Finer, who is Reader in Public Administration in the University of London, was in 1932 awarded a Rockefeller Fellowship to the United States, Italy and Central Europe

IT is difficult to believe that the lives of forty-three million Italians can be guided, controlled, dictated by one man—Mussolini. Yet there it is. Mussolini is sole master of Italy. The making of laws is entirely in his hands and all the apparatus of Government, the armed forces, the police, the central administration and local government, the trade unions and employers' associations; all take orders from him and him alone. How can he do it? Do people want him to do it? Do circumstances help him to do it? What part did force play in giving Mussolini a Dictatorship? How far is the Italian Dictatorship maintained by force? Can any change come except by force? To find out the answers to these questions is why I want to play the detective in this talk.

Until 1922 Italian life was organised on a democratic basis; that is to say, as in England, authority, whether national or local, rested with representatives elected by a free vote of the electors, while economic and cultural life was more or less left to look after itself. Why then did Italy abandon this system about thirteen years ago?

Beginning of Fascist Dominance

Between 1919 and 1922 the country got into serious economic difficulties. The industrialists, enriched by the War, now had to face a decreased demand, and looked to decreases in the wages bill. The workers were inflamed by the promises that had been made to keep them in the trenches, by their expectations of a new Italy and especially by reports from Russia. The middle classes were very disturbed by the progress of the workers'

movement in the municipalities and the co-operative societies—a Socialist majority in Parliament seemed imminent. The workers hated the petty middle class, none more than Mussolini, regarding them as incorrigible profiteers. There were widespread riots on account of high prices. On the land, where five out of every ten Italians live, the agricultural labourers wanted to break up the large estates and demanded co-operatives to buy land for them. Urged on by the Socialists and the Catholic Popular Party, they sought by violence to take the land, increase their pay or shake off the old pre-War servile customs. The small and large proprietors were terrified. The elections of November, 1919, made all this much worse, for the Socialists gained many seats and the extreme elements caused trouble. There was an incessant round of strikes, lock-outs, violent assaults. In September, 1920, as the result of a wage dispute, six hundred thousand workers refused to leave the factories and tried to work them on their own. The Government left matters to themselves. The movement petered out, but the upper classes never forgot the terror of the incident. They began a direct counter-attack through the Fascist groups; small and large agriculturists in the country commencing it all. The movement progressed tremendously and by the middle of 1922, instead of being merely a force of defence, it took the offensive against the Parliamentary system in general. On October 27-28, the Fascist forces mobilised and marched on Rome, meeting with no opposition, and Mussolini was entrusted with the formation of a Government by the King, who had refused to decree martial law.

Aspects of Fascist Italy



Clearing the remains of Ancient Rome of their unsightly surroundings



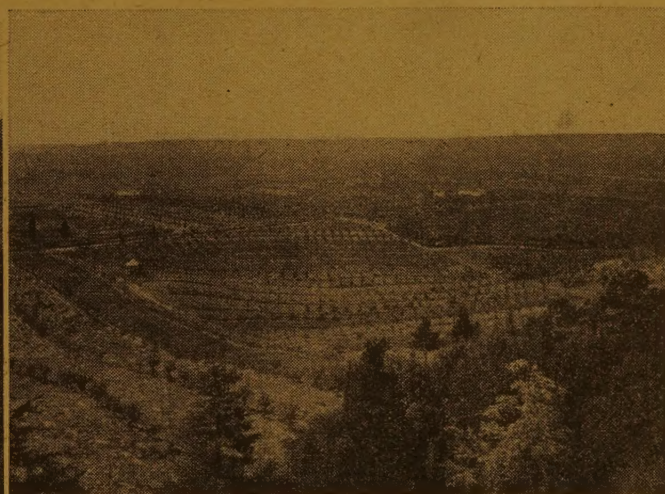
Dorien Leigh

Mussolini addressing ex-Service men in the Roman Forum



Unemployed clearing barren tracts of land between Modena and Ferrara

E.N.A.



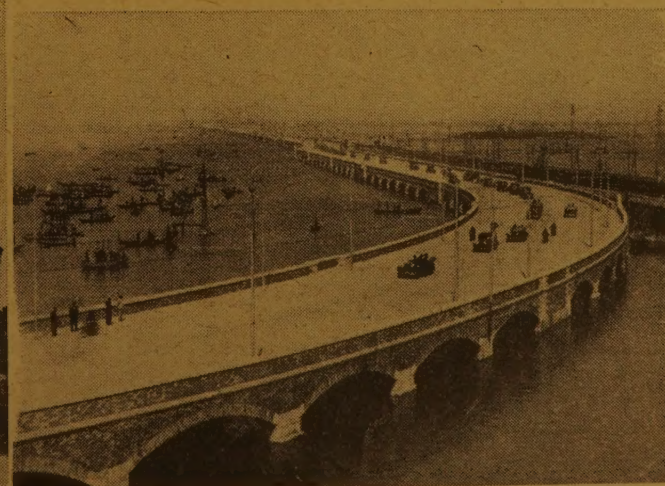
Land from large estates reclaimed and intensively cultivated by settlers from the towns

E.N.A.



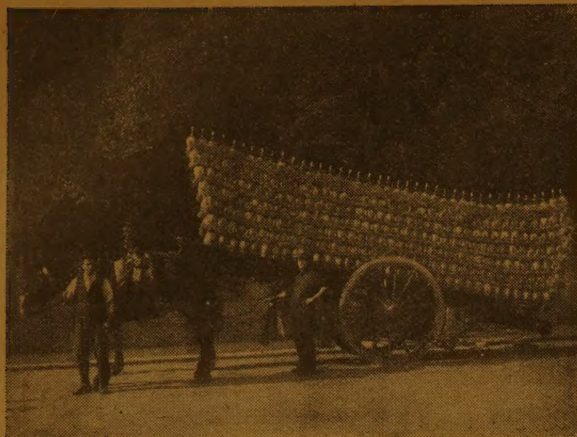
Modern architecture in Rome. Block of working-class flats with cinema

Wide World



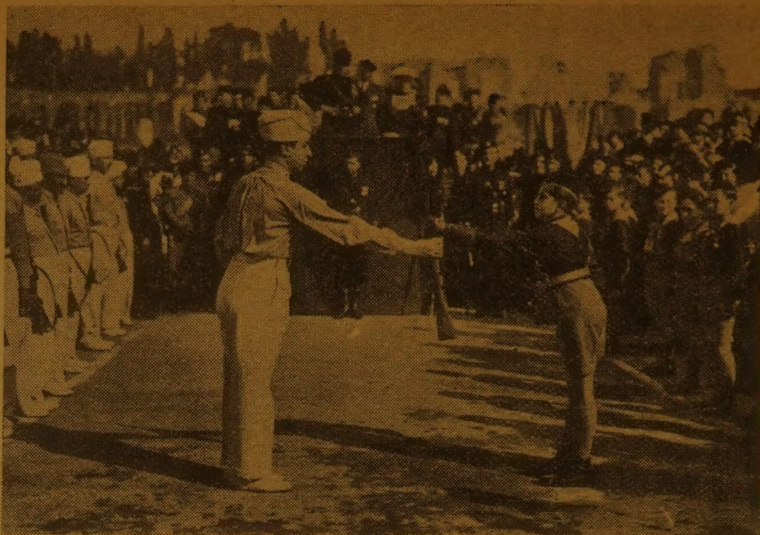
New road bridge connecting Venice with the mainland

By courtesy of the Italian Government



A mainstay of Italian agriculture, a Tuscan wine cart laden with flasks

E.N.A.



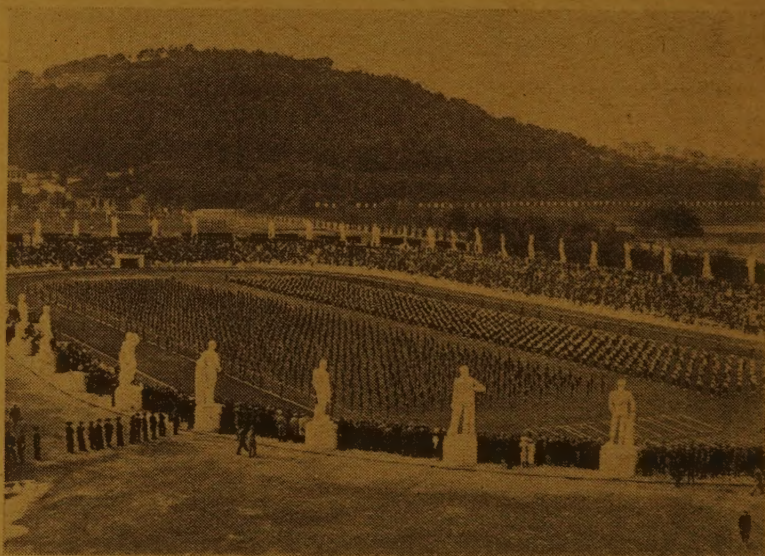
Young athletes parading at the opening of the new Circus Maximus Road (October, 1934)

Wide World



Fascist Youth Movement: Balilla at exercise

Wide World



In the Mussolini Stadium

By courtesy of the Italian Government



Roman schoolchildren greeting priest with the Fascist salute

E.N.A.



New Benito Mussolini Sanatorium for sufferers from occupational diseases

Wide World

Mussolini's Rise to Power

But what made his arrival possible? Three things: the internal contradictions of the Italian economic structure, the weakness of the Italian Parliamentary system, and the character of Mussolini himself. I have referred to the post-War economic muddle. Since 1880 there had been revolt and brutal repression, and the political system was too weak and undeveloped to control these economic stresses. The Italian masses had been kept out of politics until 1913, the eve of the War. Their political life was over-excited and violent. It had begun when the rising industries and the doctrines of the class war made men especially egoistic and intolerant. There were many parties, and they were only beginning to reach a national outlook and organisation when the War broke out. This tore the country to pieces, and when peace came, all the economic contrasts I have already mentioned were aggravated. The nation felt defeated, and Mussolini, who had originally been a leading Socialist, but who had left the Socialist Party in order to urge the country into the War, exploited this sense of defeat in order to make his 'strong government' policy more attractive. As a Socialist politician he had been of the most extreme and violent kind, an enemy of the Socialist leaders, who before the War pursued the policy of compromise and class collaboration. Never a democrat, he looked, not to Parliament but to revolution, to make an end of the stuffy, capitalistic, middle-class State. He returned from the Front, fired with the spirit of nationalism; he agitated for Socialism and Nationalism, but now with the emphasis on the latter. The Conservative parties ignored and distrusted him: to the Socialists he was a renegade; and so he linked his little group, founded in March, 1919, with various patriotic and anti-Bolshevik societies. Only a few thousand patriotic and socialistic idealists joined him at first, but after the factory occupation of September, 1920, the rich and the middle classes were so terrified that they turned to the patriotic groups for protection. After this, Mussolini lacked neither men, nor arms, nor money. Although he protested that this was not his object, although he threatened to resign when his followers became murderous, although he deplored the dubious elements who had come into the Party—he remained. The Governments were too weak, too tolerant, to meet force with force, and from defence the Fascists proceeded to attack. All the rest soon followed; the violent dispersal of the other political parties, and the destruction of the workers' organisations. The rich and the middle-class had put their candidate into the dictatorship. Mussolini originally based his regime not on a philosophy like Russia, with its Marxist principles, but simply on the claim that strong government was needed to save Italy. There is no doubt that in the course of the last thirteen years, Mussolini and his lieutenants have restored order in economic affairs; infused a spirit of discipline into both youth and adults, and injected into all classes and into the administration a remarkable stream of vigour, all of which shows itself in the steadiness of production, and a host of new institutions, both in the cultural and economic spheres.

'The Individual is Insignificant'

Gradually since 1922 certain ideas have emerged but there is nothing fixed about them. Mussolini is ready to alter them or change their application as may be necessary to satisfy any particular situation in the State. His present doctrine may be summed up as something like this. The individual is entirely insignificant compared with the nation and therefore the individual must give himself completely, freely for preference, but by compulsion if necessary, to the nation. This will mean a hard life, but will make a great man of him, and a great nation of Italy. But what does 'greatness' mean? Mussolini is the sole interpreter of 'greatness' and as far as one can get an answer, it means as much material welfare, and as much international moral influence and 'glory', as possible. But at least it does not include the legend of a superior race as Hitlerism does.

Next, war is inevitable and desirable. It is inevitable because people will always quarrel over economic welfare; and because people will always try to force their view of civilisation on others. It is desirable, because only the choice between life and death makes a man keenly savour life, makes him self-sacrificial, and an idealist. Hence the nation must be tho-

roughly saturated with military training, organisation and spirit, and its population increased by encouraging more births and by welfare work. However, this does not mean that war will be started by Italy; what is required is the power to resist the pressure of other countries, and to exert it, in diplomatic encounters. Now, although the need for struggle and choice glorifies and justifies war, the Fascist does not admit that it justifies or demands self-government. The Fascist view is that the masses are ignorant and irresponsible; and their passions too uncontrollable to permit of any solution by the method of self-government; and perhaps will for ever require a dictator to govern them. But at any rate, before they can be allowed to participate in politics, they must be politically educated, in State-dominated trade unions and local government. Hence the country must be governed by the Dictator at the top of the pyramid of a governing class, a select body, going downwards to the people, and looking upwards for inspiration and command. And the lower ranks depend on the Leader, not the Leader on them.

All this applies to economic life also, where the State is absolute ruler. To what end? First and foremost, higher production. Therefore no strikes, no lock-outs; no freedom of association; compulsory arbitration in collective and individual disputes. The process of production must be regulated by the State in the common interest, for capitalistic firms are monopolistic exploiters, and blind to all except their own narrowest interest. Government must correct the errors, partly through the Corporations, that is, national joint councils of masters and workers. But it is production, not just social distribution, that the State has in mind first. Therefore, private property and enterprise are accepted as the essential foundation of the economic system. This does not exclude the welfare of the worker. Indeed, in recent months Mussolini has spoken much about 'social justice' and he is now canvassing all the Socialist ideals, save democracy. But the policy of social services is, as yet, only in the embryo stage. He favours the agricultural life which occupies 50 per cent. of Italians, because he thinks this is healthier, pleasanter, and more prolific than factory and commercial life. Since Italy is almost destitute of coal and iron and other metals, to be mainly industrial would make her too dependent on other countries.

Manufacturing Obedience

This, then, is Mussolini's view of the existence to which forty-three million Italians should devote themselves. But Pascal once said that there were two-hundred-and-eighty-eight different versions of the highest good. How does Mussolini set out to overcome this obstinate diversity? By overcoming opposition, and manufacturing obedience. This is done finally through the Fascist Party.

Mussolini is the Chief of the Government, the President of the Grand Council of Fascism—and he is the Duce or Leader of the Fascist Party. As in every dictatorship, a distinction must be made between the formal constitution and the party machine. As in Russia and in Germany, the party machine is the *real* government. There are no elections within the Party. It is altogether autocratic. So long as Mussolini holds the Fascist Party, he holds the Italian nation in every aspect of its life.

How are critics silenced? How is it arranged that adverse comment about unemployment, wages, profit, tariffs, prices, foreign affairs, education, shall not be uttered, at any rate outside one's own house and family, and even then with the greatest caution? I can't discuss the means in any detail. A network of laws and regulations ensures that there shall be no organised or public discussion of opinion either in speech or writing.

The centre of the Italian dictatorship is the Fascist Party. This is a body of nearly two million men. Up to 1927, people came into the Party when they were convinced that Mussolini's ideals were right or useful to their interests. This threatened to dilute the Party with political profiteers. Now it is recruited almost exclusively from the youth organisations. But I think it would be fair to say that the two millions are not all convinced Fascists. Some are in the Party for idealistic reasons; some are in it out of admiration for Mussolini; some are there for the advantages which membership of the Party offers in

(Continued on page 336)

In Search of Music

By PHILIP T. THORNTON

IT is one thing to read a lot of theoretical stuff about a subject, written in vast tomes by learned men, but it is quite another matter to go and find out if what you have read is true! When I was at school I read all I could find that dealt with Oriental music. After a time I became satiated with words—I wanted to hear and see some of the wonders described. That is why I went and travelled about Morocco armed with a tuning fork, a camera, and a flute.

I have just begun a series of talks entitled 'Song and Dance', in which you will have an opportunity of hearing some rather startling comparisons and performances of songs and dances that I have collected from all over the world*. Many people have already asked me why I chose such a title for the series. I was walking up the stairs armed with drums and rattles, ready to start a rehearsal of a talk in my series last summer, when I heard a voice say rather ruefully to someone who had just passed me: 'There goes that mad Thornton man to do his song and dance'. And it suggested itself as an excellent title for another series—if ever I was asked to do one. From week to week I hope to play and sing to you tunes that are used in various parts of the world, with the idea of letting you hear for yourselves what enormous variation there is in other people's

opinion of a 'Song and Dance'. Dancing and singing are two of the basic urges of our life. Even in the civilised world of London one of the first amusements is dancing—so many people think of savages as being the only people who dance on the slightest provocation! Singing, too, plays an enormous part in our life, even



C—Blind sorcerer playing an open-ended flute

if you choose bathrooms and the noisier 'buses for practising. When we are tiny babies we are sung to sleep, and when we are put into the grave, singing and often dancing forms an inevitable part of the ritual. The variance of world opinion on 'what best puts baby to sleep' is almost as profound as the differences of taste that you will notice in a selection of love songs. And yet, paradoxically, you will often find tunes

that come from areas thousands of miles apart that are virtually identical. I believe this is because certain note formations convey the exact emotional expression that is required by the performer.

When I was in Marrakesh (Morocco) I stayed in a hotel that overlooked the famous Djmaa el'Fna, an open market twice as big as Trafalgar Square. In the heat of the day scarcely anybody stirred, but at sunset the square became a great sea of white moving figures and glittering lights. Then the world seemed suddenly to awake. If you wandered in the crowd you would pass a dozen different sorts of entertainment—the snake men, the Shle'r dancers from the mountains, the jet-black Senegalese drummers with their crotala made of brass (see the picture marked A), and the wild long-haired dervish men who drum themselves into a trance twice nightly and eat black cockerels



A—Senegalese dancer playing the gnaouwa (primitive crotala)



B—Woman from the High Atlas Mountains

Illustrations by courtesy of the Author

alive! The picture marked B, of the mountain woman from the high Atlas, gives a very good idea of the quite different type of very primitive Arab of southern Morocco.

I saw these people do a wonderful dance in the village of Asâât-el-Khebir. The women as well as the men danced with great tambours, called el'Bindeer, and some of the men had very primitive flutes like the one played in the picture marked C. These flutes are about the most difficult musical instruments I have ever tried to master. They are simply lengths of bamboo (varying from 2 feet to a yard and a half) with six finger holes. You blow into the end of the tube at an angle of 60 degrees, and, if you are lucky, a very gentle, mysterious sound comes forth. There is no mouthpiece whatever, just an open end—and it is rather like playing the Japanese instrument Shakuhatchi. You will be interested to know that these open-ended flutes were played by the ancient Egyptians and are also found in South Africa and in modern Egypt.

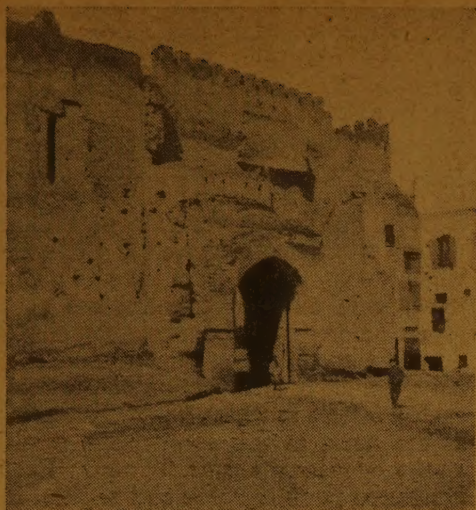
The picture C is particularly interesting because the blind man is playing a peculiar mesmeric tune to the woman (sitting with her back to the camera) who is having her fortune told.



D—Great gate at Meknes

*Mr. Thornton will be talking at 10 p.m. on Fridays, February 22, March 1, 8, 22 and 29

He makes his magic tune and she puts her right hand on his left kneecap. Suddenly, when the correct moment of inspiration had seized him, he puts the pipe down and tells her all that Allah has transmitted to him during his trance state. The message comes in the



E—South-east gate at Meknes



F—An Arab woman

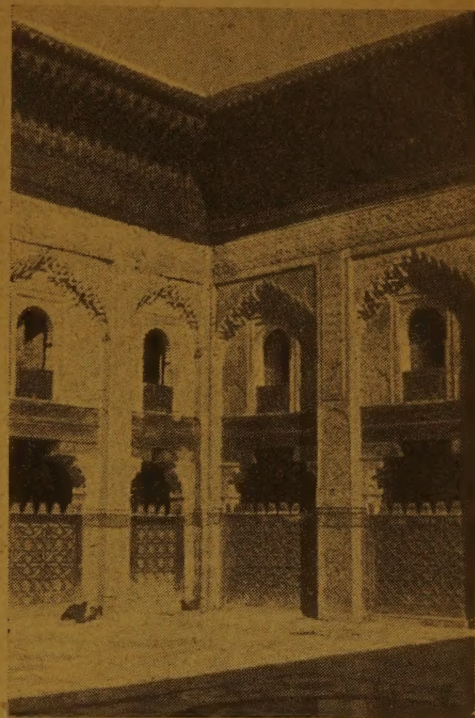
form of a reaction vibration which runs down the woman's arm as he plays—the vibration then runs up his thigh bone and *via* his spine to his brain. I hope to play at the microphone some of these ritual tunes on the pipe I managed to obtain at Meknes from another magician. The one in the picture told me his left hand was cut off for stealing, and his eyes were put out because he was a spy!

Now look at picture D. It is the great gate in the middle of Meknes at midday—that is why so few people are in the picture. Meknes is a weird ramshackle city between Rabat and Fez, built at the sudden whim of a Sultan who wanted a 'flower to bloom where no flowers were—a palace where only snakes lived', so said an aged Arab to me when I stopped there. The picture E



G—Main entrance of the Medursa at Fez, part of which was built a thousand years ago

shows you something of the vast size of the fortifications and the south-east gate—all falling in slow decay. When I was in Tangier I had the good fortune to be invited to see part of the special fertility dance held to celebrate the advent of the first child of a newly-married Jewish couple. The cordial hospitality that was extended to me—a complete stranger and a Gentile at that—will remain as one of the happiest and most thrilling experiences I have ever had when in search of music. The picture marked F was taken to show the sort of clothing the young mother wore. Her raven black tresses were bound up in a gorgeous silk handkerchief with a fringed border over a foot deep. I was feasted on pink squashy cakes and mint tea, and given a seat of honour by the blind great-grandfather aged 96.



H—Court of the Medursa

An article of this sort would not be complete without paying a tribute of gratitude to the professors of Arabic music, both at the Conservatoire at Marrakesh and at Rabat. I used to sit for hours listening to their classes of pupils playing and singing—myself taking copious notes, asking a thousand questions, and delighting them by joining in whenever I could. The pictures G and H show part of the Medursa (University)

of Fez (G, Faculty of Theological Studies; H, Faculty of Liturgical and Secular Music). Behind the screens of exquisitely carved wood sit the pupils, in the deep cool shadows. Practically all their studies are transmitted orally; though I did see some music manuscripts of great age and even greater complexity. The picture I is a



I—View of Fez, taken from the roof of the Medursa

view from the roof of the Medursa looking down into the great open court. If you look carefully at the foreground of H you can see the fountain used by the students to wash their hands, feet and mouths before and after their studies—these being regarded as sacred occupations. Many of the songs and dances I learned during this last trip will find their way to the microphone during my series of talks, and I hope that if you have enjoyed looking at the pictures you will also enjoy listening to the melodies that are linked up with them in my memory.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

Science and Pseudo-Science

SOME fourteen years ago the American newspaper proprietor, Mr. E. S. Scripps, created a fund of 500,000 dollars for the provision of better scientific news in the American press. Since that date there has been a growing tendency for important American papers to appoint special science editors. Sir Richard Gregory, in a recent address to the Oil Industries Club, pointed out how important the right handling of scientific information can be, and asked for more care to be given to it. The problem is not merely how to secure accuracy in matters where precise statement can hardly be made without using technical words, generally long compounds, invented for the very purpose of precision, nor is it merely a question of rectifying the way scientific results tend to become news either long after they are commonplaces or long before they are established. In its widest form the difficulty is how to present to people with no special knowledge the results, and no more than the results, of work in a special field. The human mind likes certainty, and a story, preferably startling. If scientific popularisers take great liberties and embroider the facts, and stand to laboratory science as the writers of historical novels or scenarios stand to sober history, they can always say that a great many people prefer that they should. Yet it is a major sensational evil that the name of science, at a time when the prestige of the experimental science stands so high, should be used on the scale it is to popularise conjectural fancies. The example of the American popular press does not altogether suggest that the widespread appointment of scientific editors and correspondents would tame this exuberance. When they are competing for human attention against formidable competitors like crime, sport and catastrophe, it is natural for scientific popularisers—who may quite well be practising scientists themselves—to be rather more definite than they would care to be in a room of instructed listeners.

The sovereign example of loose and sensational writing centres round the word 'evolution'. In his latest collection of essays the veteran anthropologist, Sir James Frazer,

shows—not indeed that it has not been shown before—the extreme antiquity and continuous vitality of the idea of gradual change in the natures of living beings. But the extent of that change, the agencies by which it happens, and its relation to the fixity of type which meets us everywhere, are questions keenly argued among students of the various -ologies. The argument is particularly keen when the origin of man is at issue. The special thesis of Charles Darwin on the universality of evolution through the natural selection of acquired and inherited characteristics, while it commanded from the first a large following, particularly in his own country, has never won universal assent among qualified scientists, and the three-quarters of a century that have elapsed since the *Origin of Species* have witnessed a restriction of the field allowable to the special factors to which he drew attention. Yet to the man in the street in this country the terms Darwinism and Evolution mean the same. The term 'Evolution', in brightly illustrated popular books and articles, is used indiscriminately for every kind of change, for the deliberate inventions of men, as in the evolution of transport, for actual ascertained changes inside a species of living creature, for vast imaginary reconstructions of the world before the first fossils, for suggestions—devoid, alas, of any warrant—that creation, and mankind in particular, are moving inevitably upwards, like people on a moving staircase, who can go yet faster, if they will bestir themselves a little. The cure for inaccuracy is cross-examination, and so it is all to the good that Sir Ambrose Fleming, one of the distinguished group of scientists who have made wireless possible, should be launching the Evolution Protest Society to maintain, particularly in the schools of the country and among the young, the great distinction between the little that is really known about the origin of mankind and the vast deal that is freely asserted and described.

More is in question than the misleading of simple people into a belief that there is virtual certainty where, in fact, there are only great numbers of conflicting conjectures and guesses. Much is handed out as dispassionate science which is in fact propaganda for a view of man which is intended as a veiled contribution to theology. Scientists who have been brought up in Darwinian orthodoxy may sincerely desire to preach their faith, and are as entitled to do so as other zealous missionaries. But it should not be done under the pretence that it is a mere communication of assured results, without any adequate mention of the difficulties such theories must encounter. Darwinism has never enjoyed the same vogue in France, because the French have avoided the ambiguity of using the word 'evolution' in a variety of meanings and have stuck to 'transformism' to describe the Darwinian theory. If a high standard of conscientious precision is maintained in scientific addresses to popular audiences, and if care is taken to distinguish the senses of words, the public will lose many familiar friends, like the reconstructions from two or three pieces of jaw-bone or skull of complete ancestors for mankind; but a new clarity will be gained with emancipation from the pitfalls of a particularly dangerous catchword, and it will be the easier to appreciate the share in the extremely interesting controversy over the interpretation of the remains of the past.

Week by Week

OPINION in the City, and indeed in the country, continues to be perturbed by the aftermath of the activities of the unsuccessful Pepper Pool. The actual circle of loss has been circumscribed by the energetic action in the City, particularly by the Banks who have made a life-line and rescued all except a few firms. It was made authoritatively plain that there was to be no such assistance for firms who had involved themselves in large commitments through speculation, but it is not only specu-

lators who have gone to the wall. It is the nature of the highly elaborate financial organisation which has grown up over a century in the City of London that large commitments have to be incurred for the sake of a commission of profit, and that these commitments must rest very largely on trust. A single insolvency may run through a number of firms, and each failure carries the threat of a collapse reminiscent of card houses in a row. The activity known today as 'cornering', like the earlier activity of engrossing, which remains in mediæval statutes appropriately associated with highly painful physical penalties, is the more dangerous, the more sensitive and highly organised the market in which it takes place. The uneasiness in the City and the general demand for enquiry reflect a feeling that these activities are altogether too easily set on foot. In commenting on the failures of the houses which have not been saved, several of the principals have spoken of the fate of the staffs as the most distressing feature of all. No sort of responsibility can attach to them, yet the whole stability of their employment has been wiped out at a blow. The immense strength of the City in dealing with troubles of this order, the readiness with which large loans and other forms of assistance are arranged to help people who are judged to deserve help, is not extended as a matter of course to this further work of salvaging the unhappy victims whose livelihood is taken from them. But it is perhaps permissible to hope that they will not be overlooked.

* * *

With the concurrence of the Home Office Consultative Committee of the British Board of Film Censors, the British Film Institute has announced its readiness to issue certificates of approval to non-fictional films submitted to it for this purpose. This proposal has, of course, no censorial implication, but rather marks an important step away from the negative aspect of censorship and in the direction of recognition of improved quality. Censorship exists only to discourage bad films, not to encourage good ones. The British Film Institute's proposal will introduce new criteria, such as accuracy of fact and quality of treatment, into the consideration of that numerous class of film which, being non-fictional, is concerned with the recording of fact whether for 'documentary' purposes, for education, or for general interest. The cause of the educational film has been held back by the existence of a large number of mediocre so-called educational films of no particular quality or suitability. Henceforth, under the Institute's guidance, there will gradually emerge a body of films approved by experts as rising above a minimum level of accuracy and intelligence. To distinguish the good from the mediocre in this way is not to repress the mediocre, but rather to afford some sort of guidance to schools and others who wish to make sure that they do not buy 'a pig in a poke' if they try experiments with educational films. Apart from this, the British Film Institute also offers to advise producers, if requested, on specific points in fiction films where accuracy of fact is thought important. There are many fiction films (historical, for instance) which parents and teachers would encourage their children to see if they were assured that the details were reasonably correct. The Institute has now a numerous body of specialists and experts upon whose help it can call in order to give this advice and establish these criteria of accuracy. When the new system goes into operation, and film producers get into the habit of using it, it will be much easier for the public, and for educationists in particular, to recognise what it is they ought to support.

* * *

It seems that all this time Kreisler has been playing a joke on us. Those arrangements and transcriptions from Couperin and Vivaldi, Pagnani, Stamitz, Cartier and the rest with which he has been delighting audiences for the last thirty years were not the work of classical masters at all. They were Herr Kreisler's own compositions. A lecturer in America started making enquiries, and the violinist gracefully confessed. 'I found it inexpedient and tactless', he explained, 'to repeat my name endlessly on programmes'. It is curious to reflect that if a comparable deception had been attempted in literature it would not have survived a year. Scholars would have pounced

on it as they pounced on Macpherson's 'Ossian' or Ireland's 'Vortigern' a century and a half ago. They would have called for the original documents and exposed the fraud. But textual scholarship is less rapacious in musical circles than it is in the world of letters. Couperin-Kreisler ranked as music rather than as research. In the world of art it is another matter again. M. Jean-Charles Millet, for instance, is believed to have painted a number of pictures with his own brush and given them out as the work of his illustrious grandfather. In spite of all the care taken to detect spurious paintings, it was only last month that he was suspected—and brought to trial. On the legal plane the difference is obvious. M. Millet was obtaining money on false pretences, and considerable sums of money at that. But it is left for a layman to observe that the value of a picture depends not on its excellence as a picture, but on the name of the painter. It may hang on the walls of a house or even a gallery for years masquerading as a Millet or a Corot; it may be good enough to escape suspicion side by side with a genuine work; but from the moment chance has exposed it as a forgery it becomes almost worthless. It is relegated to the cellars or the junk shop. Its qualities as an original painting are hardly considered. Kreisler's pastiches, on the other hand, are recognised as fine music on their merits, and the recent revelation of their authorship will not alter the critics' opinion of them or their popularity in the concert room. This, of course, may be simply because Kreisler is already famous. If John Doe announced a violin recital of the works of John Doe, how many people would attend? How much larger would his audience be if he 'tactfully' attributed his programme to Couperin? Why did Sir Henry Wood invent a mythical Russian to sponsor his early arrangements? The musical public cannot yet pretend to be innocent of the 'snobbery of names', and the imperturbable good humour with which it has received Kreisler's confession may have been possible only because no large sums of money are involved. Or else, as Dr. Harvey Grace points out on another page, musicians are gay fellows, and love a joke on themselves.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: The Sheriffs and Sheriffs-Substitutes of Scotland—whose duties are infinitely more numerous and important than those of their English namesakes—are not given to making sensational pronouncements on public affairs in the manner of Coroners; and when a judge so experienced as Sheriff W. J. Robertson, of Glasgow, lets himself go at a public dinner on the lawlessness prevailing among young people in the city, there is reason to heed what he says. Fresh from a busy week in the Summary Criminal Court, the Sheriff told an important gathering the other evening of the 'processions of gangsters' that had passed before him every day, of their attitude of amusement towards authority, and of the cool assumption of juveniles in particular that they were entitled to probation as to a civic right. He was only describing the nature of a problem that is driving sober-minded people in this distressed country nearly to desperation, so that the impatience breaks out into demands for wholesale flogging as the only cure. The trouble is that so many of the offences are in *deliberate* defiance of the sanctions. The petty gangster of Glasgow will all too readily prosecute a love-affair in a cheap dance-hall with the razor; he has been taught by bad films to believe that attacks on the person, the enmity of the Police, and the blackmailing of small shopkeepers are heroic and in the order of the desperate life. But surely Sheriff Robertson is wrong in attributing it all to 'lack of parental control'. At all events, lack of parental control is itself a product of some more fundamental maladjustment in the body politic. The root trouble is simply lack of employment, and nothing else—intensified, to be sure, by evil housing conditions and ineffective education. The desperate and wilful destructiveness of these unhappy lads is the true measure of our tragedy of unemployment. They need plenty of sharp warnings, to be sure, but the cat is a poor substitute for the efforts of the education and housing authorities and for such work as the Community Service movement is, against fearful odds, trying to carry out.

*Transatlantic Bulletin**America Speaks to Britain*

By RAYMOND SWING

The first of a series of Transatlantic Bulletins on current American news arranged in co-operation with the Columbia Broadcasting System, and broadcast from New York on February 12

IN America we have recently experienced the power of the wireless in a way we have not quite expected, for the defeat of the World Court in the Senate last month is laid in part at the door of the picturesque radio priest of Detroit, Father Coghlin. As a result of his appeal, 200,000 telegrams, signed by a million names, flooded into Washington in a single week. Of course, many other reasons can be given for the Senate's vote, but I am sure that if there had been no Father Coghlin the United States would be a member of the Court. That is an object-lesson on how the radio can be used. But it can also be used for the quieter purpose of explaining the news, and I am sure the Columbia radio audience will welcome the comment that is coming from London; and we are glad that the B.B.C. has wanted a comment on our events in America.

Now, to come to the news of the past week. Everything else has been overshadowed by the Hauptmann Trial. More newspaper space and conversation have been devoted to this trial than to any similar event in American history. We have become a nation of jurymen. It is, of course, the kind of case to arouse such national interest. Hauptmann himself, at the start, was so cool and so different in appearance and bearing from the popular conception of a criminal that he had not a few sympathisers; but the State has built up an ingenious and impressive case. Comparing the trial with famous trials which were held when I was in England, I should say that over here we are much more roughshod in our court manners than you—not quite so subtle in cross-examination, and we certainly allow a great many more liberties to the Press. But whatever the verdict, I believe the country will feel that Hauptmann has had a fair trial.

The next most important event of the week—if you will forgive an Irish bull—is one that hasn't happened. It is the decision of the Supreme Court in the Gold Clause cases. Business men and everybody in the Government are awaiting it nervously. You may have been told that this is the most important Supreme Court decision since 1857; and if that perplexes you, it is not your fault. In England you have no Supreme Court—and the House of Lords, which is the nearest thing to it in hearing final appeals, is very different indeed. Our Supreme Court has to interpret a written Constitution, which sets out precisely what powers are vested in the Federal Government. But when the Constitution was written we were a sparse Republic with four million inhabitants, and the problems of today were hardly foreseen. What the Court now has to decide is whether the Government was acting within its rights when it changed the gold-content of the dollar from 100 to 59-and-a-fraction cents. Well, it was adjusted, and everybody has adjusted himself to it. The Government is paying its Bonds with the new dollars, and all other Gold Debentures are being paid in them too, although they all contained a clause calling for repayment in dollars of the former gold value. And now the Supreme Court has to decide whether something that already has been done could have been done legally.

What if it decides it could not? My gosh! the National Debt would go up by 3,500 million pounds, and if the Gold Clause in private debentures is upheld, it would mean that 20,000 million pounds' worth of those debentures would become worth nearly 34,000 millions. Most companies would not be able to survive such an increase in debt. If you can drink in such figures, you can see why people are impatient to hear the news and be done with it. It is a striking illustration of the power of the Supreme Court in our system of government. It also is an instance of the (shall I say?) inconvenience of a written Constitution. But if the Court rules against the new dollar, there are a number of ways for the Government to get around the decision without going back to the old dollar—which, apparently, it is not going to do. As to its own Bonds, the Government, as a Sovereign, might simply refuse to be sued for the difference between the two dollars; as to the

private bonds—the debentures—it could levy a tax of 100 per cent. on all profits made from the increased value of the debentures. Or the Constitution itself might be amended in a grand rush which would be possible in a few weeks, since Congress and most State Legislatures are now in session.

If you think you hear the creaking of our Government machinery, you are right: it is creaking very loud. Practically all the New Deal legislation has to pass in review before the Supreme Court this year. The Government already has lost one case—a decision on the Oil Code. Until the Court moves in a few more cases, nobody can be sure that most of the basic legislation of the New Deal will not have to be re-written. Uncertainty of this sort acts as a wet blanket on initiative.

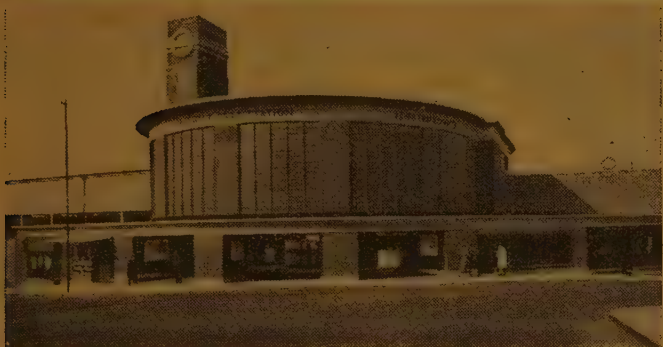
But I must not give the impression that Washington is marking time. Congress is in session, and some of the biggest schemes of the New Deal are under discussion. Chief of these is the Security Programme, which is our first beginnings of social insurance. And then there is the 1,000 million pounds programme for Work Relief. Seven million of the unemployed, the President hopes, will be set to work before the end of the year through the spending of this money. The House of Representatives has already passed the Work Relief Bill, but the Senate Committee last week changed it in a vital way. The President had laid down a principle that the wages paid for relief work should be less than wages paid in private enterprises: he did everything to make sure that the Government would not be competing with private enterprise; but the Senate Committee voted that relief workers should receive standard wages. This revolt against the President is by no means won, and he still can—and probably will—exert his great power to suppress it.

The fight over wages is only one of the instances of conflict between the Administration and Labour. A fortnight ago the President prolonged the Automobile Code which governs our No. 1 Industry. And in doing so, he clung to the Automobile Labour Board. This Board is not satisfactory to the American Federation of Labour, and it refuses to have anything to do with it. In another instance in a dispute between a publisher and a newspaper writer, the President intervened in a way which made it look as though he were trimming the workers' right of appeal. Feeling in Labour circles was running high, but yesterday the President, with one of those uncanny gestures of goodwill for which he is so celebrated, called in all the Executives of the Federation of Labour—listened to their complaints—took copious notes of what they said—and issued a statement which, if it makes no real concessions as yet, is full of friendly spirit.

One of our national pastimes is trying to guess whether the President is moving to the Right or the Left—that is, becoming more Conservative or more Radical. For some time opinion was that he had moved sharply to the Right; now he appears to be trying to correct that impression.

I ought not to close without saying a word about business conditions, since, after all, it is Recovery we want, and you want us to have. There was a startling improvement in industrial production in December and January. The Federal reserve index jumped up by nearly 12 per cent. over the November figure. We don't know the January figure yet, but it probably will be still higher than December. The improvement no doubt is chiefly due to the fact that this is the time when the automobile industry is making its new models for next year, and it is using a great deal of steel. Many business experts doubt whether the present revival is fundamental enough to hold through the coming summer, but let me assure you it is very welcome.

[The above is a report taken from a blattnerphone record. At the time of going to press we have not received a confirmatory script from America, and cannot therefore guarantee the literal accuracy of everything in our report.]



Underground stations at Wood Green (above) and Chiswick Park
London Passenger Transport Board



Dramatic effects studio, Broadcasting House

What is the Twentieth-Century Style?—II

By R. H. WILENSKI

I HAVE said that the young consumer everywhere asks industry for Service, not Romance; that he demands new things intelligently planned for twentieth-century requirements; and that when he gets such things he likes the look of them. But, of course, he likes the look of some such things a good deal better than the look of others. On what principle does he make this æsthetic selection?

The character of this Style resides not in decorative or luxurious effects but in evidence of serviceable structure, of frank use of the most serviceable materials now available, and, when there is further choice, of the rational organising of proportions and forms; thereafter, it may be, the question of ornament is considered. It is wrong to assume that ornament, as such, is entirely forbidden. It is true that many of the architects and industrial designers feel no need for it. But there are others who use it to stress the functional structure of their work; and this can be done without offence to the Style's æsthetic provided that the ornament used is new ornament invented for the particular work in hand, and provided that its form has logical relation to the object it completes. It is only ornaments from past styles that are strictly forbidden. 'New ornament or no ornament' is the rule.

I have referred to Broadcasting House as a pioneer performance among London's buildings in the Style. In so doing I was thinking in the first place of the courageous plan. This building, it will be recalled, had to fulfil two services—the special requirements of the Radio and office accommodation for six hundred people; the second service had to be connected with the first and also separated and, literally, insulated from it. For the Radio services the architect built a central insulated tower, lit and supplied with air entirely by modern resources, and, separated from it by a passage at the lower levels, an encasing shell of offices which all had fresh air and daylight. On a free

site, the tower would have risen stark from its encasing shell, and the whole structure would have been at once apparent from outside. On the present flat-iron site, with Ancient Lights causing cutting down here and cutting back there, it is less apparent, though still discoverable and nowhere deliberately concealed. There was courage, too, in the use of new ornament on the exterior to mark focal points at different heights. Old ornament—Grecian, Georgian, Jacobean or what-not—would have been entirely foreign to the outside of this building, as foreign as the echoes of the Parthenon in the sculptured friezes of the Concert Hall inside. The Underground Headquarters at Broadway, Westminster, is also evidence that new ornament is not forbidden by the Style.

As the Style invents continuously to serve the needs of each new generation, there is continuous change in its functional forms and *ipso facto* in its æsthetic. The case of motor-cars is a good example. When the motor-car appeared the horse-drawn vehicle was obsolete at once. Nevertheless, the earliest motor-cars were made in the shapes of the obsolete horse-drawn vehicles—phaetons, landaus, broughams. When the fundamentally functional forms of the motor-car were revealed by the earliest racing cars, we began to like the look of cars—or, if you prefer it, to see 'beauty' in cars—in the degree in which they approximated to those forms. The British motor-car industry has invented continuously for the consumer's use; as a result the Industrial Art produced by that industry in, say, 1915 was recognised as obsolete by everyone in 1925; and the forms of cars produced in 1925 are again recognised as obsolete by everyone today. The amount of Industrial Art in the products of other industries, or, if you prefer it, the degree of their 'beauty,' depends on the degree in which they keep pace with the motor-car industry in functional service. We see the progress of real Industrial Art

in the new stations of London's Underground Railway. I suspect that British industry, in fact, produces much more art of this kind than most of us have occasion to discover. I know that it produces far more than is suggested by the Burlington House exhibition.

As there is continuous change in the functional service provided by the Style, and *ipso facto* continuous change in its æsthetic, it follows that no given set of forms can be relied upon to produce that æsthetic or 'beauty'. The assumption that the presence of a given set of forms in or on anything would bring that thing within the Style—or, in other words, would give it a contemporary 'look'—was the mistake made by the well-meaning modernist-industrialists who produced the angulated caricatures of the Style to which I referred last week. Their manufacturers were in the habit of achieving what passes for a Grecian or a Georgian or a

Jacobean or a Tudor air by the use of certain sets of forms and ornaments, and they assumed that a twentieth-century air could be given to anything in similar ways. But there is all the difference in the world between imitating a dead style and creating within a living one. There is no short cut to the æsthetic of a style which is continuously inventing for contemporary requirements.

With these reservations we can say that our recognition of the Style's æsthetic—our liking the look of the things it produces—is part of our adjustment to the conditions of the machine-age in which we happen to be living. The Style has a prejudice for the forms and materials which obtain in machinery, and for the forms which normally and habitually occur in machine-made things when those forms have not been modified by attempts to make them look like hand-made things or attempts to recall some style of the past. It



Neo-modern design, but embodying the traditional mistake of putting the drawer in the most inconvenient place



A well-designed room: but is the desk-lamp in keeping with the rest?



Waiting hall, Northfields Underground Station

London Passenger Transport Board



Carpet designed by Marion Pepler

Topical. Photograph: A. C. Cooper



Studio at Broadcasting House, Birmingham, showing a three-piece chorus table designed on the nesting principle

likes cold and simple, not warm and luxurious, materials. It dislikes voluptuous veneers. It likes things made of glass and metal, things with clearly defined shapes in logical relations, plain and solid geometric forms, true cubes and spheres and cylinders; it prefers right angles to acute angles, and circles to ovals; it likes forms in series, or dovetailed together, better than forms that melt and fuse; it detests everything illogical and capricious, all mystery and muzziness, all wobbling shapes and wobbling lines, all imitations by machinery of hand-made products, all flaws, all accidents, all redundancies and all concealments. It feels no need for Praxitelean curves or rococo daintiness or baroque exuberance. It likes the stark irreducible minimum in all fields.



A carpet designer might learn much from this fuse-bay in the Control Room at Broadcasting House

The designer in this Style knows that the consumer will look at every building, every room, every chair, writing desk,

glass or ceramic vessel, as though he had never seen *any* building, room, desk, or whatever it may be, before; that he will ask: 'Is this so in order to serve contemporary conditions? Has the producer made the maximum use of contemporary resources? Or is it so because things of this kind have been made so before, or because, being so, the thing serves the producer better?' He knows that the consumer will ask these questions of every detail in every object and say: 'Why?' before every swell of line, every surface, every size and shape and material, every drawer and handle, every ornament and pattern. He has thus to give satisfactory answers to these questions as the first condition of entry to the Style's aesthetic—or, in other words, in order to get the young consumer to like the look of his work at all. That done, if a choice remains to him, as it almost invariably does, he concentrates on nicer adjustments of proportions and forms, and frank stressing of the character, colour and texture of the functional materials selected. And that done he may proceed to ornament—especially in and on textiles and in carpets—all ornaments and patterns being new, and all having logical relation to solid forms within the Style's aesthetic.

The Industrial Art of our day, as I understand it, is thus the exact antithesis of the dilettantish procedures which dress up interiors with souvenirs of the past, and cover walls and doors with decorative or pictorial motifs. It is the exact antithesis of everything trivial, luxurious, romantic, voluptuous, voluminous, rich, theatrical, fantastic, illogical, capricious or fat. It is the use by inventive brains of new machines, materials and resources to supply new, clean, simple, serviceable forms and rational proportions in everything that young people require for everyday life—from pens to offices, from babies' beds to houses, motor-cars and trains. That is the style which would have reigned quite clearly at the Burlington House Exhibition if the Royal Academy had handed the spending of the £10,000 which they have spent on it, to me.

The Artist and his Public

Doubts and Difficulties About Modern Art

A Discussion between ERNEST HOLLOWELL and ERIC NEWTON

Mr. Hollowell, who leads a Discussion Group in Manchester, presents the 'Average Listener's' point of view

ERNEST HOLLOWELL: Let me tell you an experience of mine which may open your eyes to the way in which normal people get excited about modern art—and I fear it is not the way you would like. When Epstein's 'Genesis' was being exhibited in Manchester two or three years ago, I joined one of the queues that were formed all day long by people eager to see it.

ERIC NEWTON: Surely that shows that they were interested?

HOLLOWELL: In a way—but I want to show you how! What I saw when I reached the Gallery was this: a ring of men and women with solemn faces stood around the statue gazing at it silently, and, for the most part, blankly. Now and then one broke away with a little gesture of disgust. Around the outside of this charmed circle moved a little parson, blushing violently as he peeped furtively at the marble image wherever he found an opening in the ring. The only person who seemed comfortable at all was the stolid top-hatted attendant who stood beside the statue, ready, presumably, to protect it against any hostile demonstration—and he was enjoying himself, probably without being aware of it, for he continually stroked the smooth, cool, white arm nearer to him. But it was quite clear that most of the visitors had come in to get a shock—and they got it! To them, Epstein seemed to have gone out of his way to make Genesis uncouth and ugly. And that brings me to my first question. Do you think modern artists are indifferent to public opinion? Don't they care whether they please the public or not?

NEWTON: If you mean, 'Are they indifferent to the reactions of people to what they do?'—no, they certainly are not. They want praise just as much as you or I want it. But if you mean 'Does the artist deliberately try to get the public's praise?'—my

answer is, 'No sincere artist ever does'. 'Genesis' was an idea which Epstein *had* to express just like that. Of course, there always have been and always will be artists who have set themselves out to please the public and be popular successes, but they aren't the sort of artists I'm interested in. I hope you aren't either.

HOLLOWELL: Certainly not. A good artist must be sincere; but can you possibly convince me of the sincerity of modern art? It has deliberately attempted to break away from tradition. It has refused to recognise the standards of the past. I should not be surprised to hear you say that it doesn't care in the least whether the public believes in it and wants it or not.

NEWTON: Modern art has certainly thrown overboard some old standards. So have railways and wireless sets thrown overboard old standards of speed and communication.

HOLLOWELL: That's a bad argument, anyhow! Railway trains are an improvement—an advance on old standards. Railways have given us *more* of something mankind always wanted. Modern art doesn't do that. It gives us something we never had before.

NEWTON: That's a rash statement. I admit you have to go back rather a long way to find it in recognisable form. But just compare the 'Still Life', by Picasso (reproduced on the next page), with the 'Greek Charioteer' (No. 4 in the pamphlet). Haven't they got something in common?

HOLLOWELL: They are both crude and distorted, if that's what you mean; but it seems to me very weak, indeed, if you have to go back twenty-eight centuries to find something queer enough to justify Picasso.

NEWTON: Now I think we are getting to the root of the trouble. You call them both queer. Don't you like them at all?



Still Life, by Picasso

By permission of Paul Rosenberg

HOLLOWELL: Oh, the charioteer is quite pleasant in a way—decorative, of course. It's a striking pattern. For that I like it.

NEWTON: And isn't the Picasso picture a striking pattern, too?

HOLLOWELL: In a way it is. But that isn't enough. Picasso could do better than that if he wanted. Just look at those two musical instruments—all knocked about and distorted. A child could draw better than that. I prefer one of Wadsworth's abstract designs, because they don't pretend to represent any known object at all, so I'm not worried by bad drawing.

NEWTON: What you want is just a painted illusion of two musical instruments, I suppose.

HOLLOWELL: Oh no, it isn't; I don't so much object to the failure of modern art to give an illusion of reality as to its deliberately bad, childish, grotesque, clumsy drawing.

NEWTON: You evidently know that Picasso *can* do what's called good drawing when he wants to.

HOLLOWELL: Then why doesn't he always?

NEWTON: Well, obviously, if a man who can draw a guitar like a guitar deliberately distorts it, there must be some reason. I mean he must have hit on some idea that seemed to him more important than accuracy. Just as, if you found a man selling all he had and giving the money to the poor, you'd conclude that he must have hit on an idea that seemed to him more important than riches.

HOLLOWELL: I remember that last week you said that behind all this distortion is the idea that a picture should be a lively, exciting, colourful, interesting thing in itself, and that it really doesn't matter in the least whether the artist has copied two musical instruments accurately or not. But. . .

NEWTON: Just a moment. Doesn't it follow from that that the artist will be so anxious that you should take him for what he is—namely a creator of exciting shapes and colours on canvas—that he will make almost any sacrifice to show you he is just that, and nothing else? He draws a guitar unlike a real guitar, partly because he wants just those lines and shapes in his picture, and partly because he particularly does not want you to admire his cleverness in imitating a guitar in paint. There you have two distinct reasons for distortion.

HOLLOWELL: I follow your reasoning, but I'm not very happy about its application. You yourself have admitted that it is impossible to convince people about beauty by logic or argument. Well, I still don't care for this picture.

NEWTON: You admit that it's rather a jolly pattern?

HOLLOWELL: It may be.

NEWTON: Exciting?

HOLLOWELL: In a way, yes. But if I spilt three pots of paint on a piece of canvas the result might be exciting.

NEWTON: Oh, come now. This isn't a happy accident. Whatever you think of the picture it is obviously highly organised and complex, and very deliberate. It is very carefully planned both in pattern and in its suggestion of space. It leads your eye across the floor and table and out through the open window at the back. Surely you admit all that, whether you like it or not?

HOLLOWELL: In a way, the picture becomes more pleasing when one studies it patiently.

NEWTON: And remember this. Now that pictures of this kind have sacrificed all the illusion interest, and all the story-telling or propaganda interest that pictures had in the past, there are only three things left to work with: line, mass, and colour. Quite one-third of a modern picture is lost when you haven't the colour. Only about a tenth of an Old Master is lost when the colour isn't there. Picasso is a great colourist, and we must remember that we aren't looking at what Picasso intended us to look at.

HOLLOWELL: But what is it all leading to? I admit that I have come to like these modern pictures better than I did at first, but I feel I shall always prefer the old style of painting. Take Giotto, or Leonardo. They, too, have line, and mass, and colour—and more also. They, too, created things of beauty in themselves. But they did represent something as well, and in recognisable form. If Giotto could do it, why can't Picasso?

NEWTON: He *can*. He has done plenty of representational work.

HOLLOWELL: Then what is his purpose in irritating the spectator when he can use all the same rhythms and so on without doing so?

NEWTON: But I think I've already answered that: partly because he wants utter freedom to create just the rhythms he needs without being side-tracked by the obligation to be representational; partly because he wants *you*—the spectator—to get rid of the idea that representation is part of his job.

HOLLOWELL: I shall never agree to that. As long as I take any pleasure in living in this mysterious world, I shall continue to prefer those artists who find in Man and Nature, by their trained vision and rare insight, all the exquisite gradations of

colour, exciting contrasts of mass and form, lovely textures, and subtle relationships of rhythmic lines that they need in their work of revelation.

NEWTON: I do sympathise with you there. My heart warms to Giotto, whereas I'm merely stimulated by Picasso.

HOLLOWELL: I'm relieved to hear you admit that. Then you don't think the art of today is the last word in excellence?

NEWTON: Good heavens, no! In fact, I regard it as in a very primitive stage indeed in many ways. I think you hit the nail on the head when you called it childish. I would prefer to call it childlike. That is its strength and its weakness. It is undergoing a kind of rebirth, and some of its struggles to be articulate are almost ludicrous.

HOLLOWELL: Why do you like it so much, then?

NEWTON: Because it's the art of today. It expresses the spirit of our time. It's alive. It speaks our own language and expresses our own feelings. And because it's inevitable. It can only be just what it is. Just think what it has done. In the nineteenth century art collected round itself such a lot of useless, deplorable rubbish that the twentieth century had to begin by a tremendous clearing-out. That clearing-out has happened in every department of life. Everything is cleaner and healthier than it was. The pass-word for today is 'No nonsense'. We are having a grand spring-cleaning, and in art we have thrown out all the musty old sentimentality of the last century. We are back to the bare boards and unadorned walls of pure æsthetics, which is the basis of all art. Presently we shall begin decorating again on new lines. I can't tell you on what lines. I'm not a prophet. But until we have started, why not thank God for a clean room to work in, instead of crying for all the old worn-out trimmings? We are experimenting. Some of the experiments are queer, some are tentative, some are failures. But they are all healthy. Just glance at that page of twentieth-century work in the pamphlet (Nos. 55 to 58); and then look at the page of nineteenth-century work (Nos. 15-17). There's a sense of renewed vigour, of clean, hard, athletic liveness in all the curves and shapes of the modern work. It makes the nineteenth century look just a bit stuffy, don't you think?

HOLLOWELL: I see what you mean. And you think that when the man-in-the-street hates modern art, he hates it simply because it doesn't give him all the things he was used to before the 'spring-cleaning' began?

NEWTON: Exactly. And I don't much blame him. It's difficult to adjust yourself to something new, especially when you have grown up with a seven-century-old tradition behind you. The ordinary man is conservative. But the artist is a born rebel. I admit that rebels are uncomfortable people to live with, but they do sometimes lay the foundations of a better state of things.

HOLLOWELL: But why can't the modern artist give us something really important—something full of meaning, that beautifies the ordinary, reveals the secrets of the world of experience?

NEWTON: But that's just what he is doing. You've just admitted that he does succeed in expressing the clean, healthy, ordered vitality of our age. Doesn't that mean something? Doesn't it reveal a secret of the world of inner experience?

HOLLOWELL: I suppose you are right in a way. But I don't find modern art *all* so clean and healthy. Some of it seems merely restless and disordered, like the age we live in; and inhuman, too, like the machines that rule our lives.

NEWTON: Yes, I think some of it is. And some of it is bad. And some of it is worse than bad, it is bogus. But at any rate it's surely better to have a group of genuine artists and a few charlatans than a timid, universal acquiescence in out-worn creeds.

HOLLOWELL: You have made out a fair case for the importance of the revolutionary, and I'm satisfied that what I described as anarchy is, perhaps, after all what you have called a 'spring-cleaning'. But I'm still not quite clear about artists' new ideals. Abstract art I understand in theory, though that seems to me empty. But some of the other artists don't make their message at all clear. Is there any constructive theory behind what they do?

NEWTON: You can't explain the theory behind a picture any more than the theory behind a tune in music. But a lot of artists today are struggling with the problem of representing what you might call 'the thing in itself'—as opposed to the thing seen from a single point of view. They want to get a more complete vision—the vision of a man who *walks round* an object, and not of a man who stands still and looks at it. That is one of their experiments. But they are experimenting in many other ways, too. It's all very difficult, I admit. But I do think it's up to us to be

sympathetic about it all—to come to meet them half-way, and try as hard to understand them as they are trying to make themselves clear to us. It is so much more reasonable than just to say that they have all gone mad. That is all I can say about modern art. It is all any critic can say. No-one can translate one art into terms of another and force people to understand its message. The modern artist must fight his own battle. He will win it in the end. My job is to point out what the battle is all about. It is the battle of the eternal Conservative against the eternal Radical—a battle that never ceases, because, though the Radical always wins, he always finds that he has, in the moment of victory, turned Conservative, and a new Radical has come into being to renew hostilities.

Wireless Discussion Groups

The following is a comparison of the number of Listening Groups held during Autumn, 1933, and during Autumn, 1934:—

In comparing the figures for 1933 and 1934 it is important to remember that the 'Talks for Discussion Groups' series were five in 1933 and only three in 1934.

Autumn, 1933	Talks for Discussion Groups	Religious Talks	Talks to Unemployed	Miscellaneous	Total
N. West	61	24	28	7	120
Midland	47	20	3	5	75
West	21	4	7	5	37
Yorkshire	102	5	36	31	174
Scotland	63	—	28	10	101
Rest of England, Wales and N. Ireland	24	21	8	20	73
	318	74	110	78	580

Autumn, 1934	Talks for Discussion Groups	Religious Talks	Talks to Unemployed	Miscellaneous	Total
N. West	65	12	55	17	149
Midland	28	9	21	1	59
West	19	—	—	7	26
Yorkshire	137	21	46	36	240
Scotland	43	2	73	18	136
Rest of England, Wales and N. Ireland*	8	2	8	4	22
	300	46	203	83	632

The 300 Groups taking 'Talks for Discussion Groups' in the autumn of 1934 were divided according to the following subjects:—Poverty in Plenty, 142; Freedom and Authority in the Modern World, 73; The Child, the Parent and the Teacher, 75; Language talks, 10.

* * * * *

The first meeting of the Leeds Discussion Group Association was held at Woodhouse Moor Library on Friday, January 25. The Association aims to be representative of all the listening Group in Leeds, of which there are at present 15, and its object is to stimulate interest in group listening, to extend the activities of already existing groups, and to form new groups. It was felt also that the usefulness of the annual conference of group leaders might be increased by the getting together of group leaders during the year while the talks were on, to exchange ideas and formulate criticisms and suggestions. Accordingly the Association plans to meet 3 or 4 times yearly; the next meeting is on May 10 after the winter series of talks has concluded. It is also hoped to hold a meeting later, to which all members of listening groups and others interested will be invited, and which will be addressed by a speaker prominent in the educational or broadcasting world. Five of the fifteen Leeds groups meet in public libraries, and this exemplifies the interest and co-operation which the Leeds Libraries and Arts Committee shows towards the groups. Apart from the accommodation provided, there is an ample supply of books illustrating the talks for the use of each group. The officers of the Association, from whom any information may be obtained, are Miss Alice Drury, Compton Road Library Group, Chairman, and Mr. E. Wisker, Woodhouse Moor Library, Hon. Secretary.

*The figures for the Rest of England, Wales and N. Ireland are probably well below the number of groups that were in existence

*Science in the Making**Saving Imperfections*

By A. S. RUSSELL

BY a coincidence—I don't know whether to call it fortunate or unfortunate—an announcement in the London papers that at long last synthetic diamonds have been made followed immediately my last broadcast. The newspaper story was attractive. We were told that the inventor is an old man who has been patiently trying to make diamonds for years and years, and now in a quiet laboratory, shut off from the noise and commerce of the world, he has achieved success. I wonder? We have been 'had' so often by newspaper stories of gold and diamond-making that the only thing to do now is to wait and see. There is always the chance that the longer we wait the less we shall see.

The details given to us are quite necessarily vague, but where they might be exact they are ambiguous. On the earlier reports it seemed that the diamonds talked about were real but not manufactured; that is, natural stones; for, after all, they are the only ones that deceive '99 per cent. of the experts'. But, surely, that's very unlikely. I gather now, however, that they do not profess to be diamonds in the simple sense (clear crystalline carbon and so on) but rather things 'as good as' diamonds, stones that can deceive—well, I don't know how many per cent. of the experts.

What are they, do you think, if they aren't the real thing? Boron compounds like the carbide or nitride? Or some better form of lead- or other glass? Or spinel, an oxide of aluminium and magnesium which is very hard? My questions have been answered. They are spinel. But diamond-making, I want you to believe, has no real interest except a scientific one. It is very unlikely to have what the newspapers call 'economic repercussions'. Now gold-making is a very different thing. If that were done artificially it would raise economically a terrific how-d'ye-do.

It is a mistake, I think, to pit 'imitation' against 'genuine' with regard to diamonds and such things as though there was something shoddy or underhand about imitation. There is no special reason why a so-called imitation shouldn't in practical ways be as good as, or actually better than, the real and genuine. Why should there be? There are plenty of things in Nature, of course, we can't make. But it is also true there are plenty of things—and plenty of good things—we can make in laboratory or factory which are not ready-made in Nature. All cases of imitation *versus* genuine must be decided on their merits. Sometimes the imitation is quite decidedly the better; at other times, oftener perhaps, the imitation is the worse. There is no rule. But as everything genuine or imitation is at some stage Nature-made it is better to develop the contrast, not between genuine and imitation but between the pure and simple in material things and the impure and complex. May I therefore go on and do that now?

The point I want to make to you is that in Nature there is nothing specially meritorious about pure materials or simplicity. In the real world a touch of complexity not only adds to their charm but is essential to their real nature. Purity doesn't affect properties that depend upon being, but it makes a difference to those depending on *action*—when the material has to do something.

Our passion for purity in material things is largely the result of advertisements. Soap is always absolutely pure; so is malt vinegar. We become convinced that if soap were anything but soap we should only be half-washed; if vinegar weren't absolutely pure the salad we eat would half-poison us. Have you ever drunk pure double-distilled water? Once, perhaps. It's pure enough, but it is almost undrinkable. Or run a car on pure petrol? A little ethyl, or a good deal more benzole, though obviously an impurity, makes an enormous practical difference if you want the car to go.

Pure silver is a lovely thing—in the laboratory. It is the world's best conductor of electricity; there, impurities are impurities; but do you agree with me that 'solid' or 'sterling' or 'real' silver is better looking as ornament, say, on the

table, than the pure metal which you see on the outside of electroplate? Solid silver, one part of copper alloyed with about twelve of pure silver, looks better; it lacks the bluish, chromium-plating, look of the quite pure material.

But better comparisons and odder things are found when the chemical action of one pure material on another is contrasted with the action of these self-same things when each is a little impure. You know that chemical actions are enormously speeded up by traces of things which don't seem directly to partake in the action. A big subject. About one small part of it I should now like to tell you. In the past fifty years a whole series of strange and seemingly paradoxical stories have arisen about simple things.

You know as well as I do that given the right amount of air and moisture iron rusts. Well, we are told that pure iron (emphasis on pure) given as much air and moisture as you like won't rust: can't rust. We know generally, as etchers know in particular, that nitric acid bites into copper and eventually dissolves it. Nonsense, we are told; quite untrue. Even reasonably impure nitric acid has no action on pure copper. Red hot carbon burns excellently in air or oxygen; it is simple trust in this elementary fact which encourages us to keep warm in winter by the fire. Yet we are told that red hot carbon in dry air or oxygen will not burn. Shut off the means adopted to bring the coal or carbon to a red heat, give it as much air or oxygen as you like, and your fire peters out as if you had turned on it a superbly efficient extinguisher. Fact. You don't believe this? Nor, and rightly, does anybody till he tries. Then he believes.

The catch here is in the word 'dry'. Perfectly dry carbon we are told can't burn, perfectly dry gases won't burn. A trace of moisture and off they go. You might put it like this. To get up steam, using the words metaphorically, you need literally some steam or its colder equivalent, a trace of moisture.

Moisture and dust, even in the minutest amount, seem to have an enormous accelerating influence in making simple chemical processes go, and some people still assert that all bangs and poppings, all explosions, all gas reactions, simply refuse to occur when the things which pop or bang are quite pure. Ordinary hydrogen and chlorine, when brought together in sunlight, explode. Get them quite thoroughly dry, quite thoroughly clean, and, we are told, nothing whatever occurs. The purer you get your stuffs, the more you develop their inaction chemically. Really honest-to-goodness pure prussic acid is probably without much harm, certainly does not mean sudden death. Ordinary prussic acid, however, does. Things there are which dissolve ordinarily in hot water as easily as sugar in tea. Purify them utterly and they refuse to dissolve. There are things that always seem to be yellow which, when quite pure, are without colour, and liquids that always seem to smell badly which, we are assured, when pure combine the perfume of the rose with the bouquet of wine.

One more curious thing. Not only is the slightly impure reactive when the terribly pure is completely inert, but actually the properties of the slightly impure are regular, dependable, repeatable, when the excessively pure acts capriciously. A liquid like benzene—the main thing in benzole mixture—ordinarily pure, boils at the same temperature whoever is doing the experiment, wherever it is done—the same in London as in Melbourne, in Tokio as in Kansas City. But when really purified, shall we say super-purified, benzene boils at a much higher temperature than before, but—and this is the point—no two people agree what the new temperature is; the results are all over the place. Here, as in the other cases I have told you of, traces of moisture, dust and that kind of thing, seem necessary for a substance to be, so to speak, itself. It is then dependable. Everybody can then agree about what it can do. Make it quite pure and nobody knows quite how it will behave. Very odd.

You have met the fellow, I am sure, who constantly asks you apparently simple questions of fact with the sole

object of catching you out and putting you right. Which is more westerly, he asks, Bristol in the West of England, or Edinburgh in the East of Scotland? Of course, if you haven't heard this one before, or if geography is not your strong suit, you plump for Bristol, only to be told you're all wrong and to be left to realise that, in fact, you are. The obvious tactics against inquisition of this kind is always immediately and confidently to assert the exact reverse of what seems to be right, on the ground—which you keep to yourself—that you would never have been asked the question if it was quite so simple as it sounds. That is the deplorable position in which many physicists and chemists have allowed themselves to get into when button-holed by somebody with a new anecdote about the complete inactivity, or the complete capriciousness, of some excessively pure substance. Nickel is one of the finest accelerators of gaseous reactions that man has ever found. Recently I was asked to guess what it would do when it was quite pure. It is nearly inconceivable to me that nickel could ever be anything but a magnificent accelerating agent. However I boldly ventured that if it were completely freed from all other metals it would be quite useless. My questioner's face dropped. I had got the right answer. Apparently it is dependent for its enormous accelerating power on the presence of traces of iron. One in a million or so, just another example of the old game.

Actually this strange behaviour of the excessively pure has not been regarded merely from the odd or comic side. It has attracted some of the best workers back to simple things to

study them afresh, and that has been all to the good. And their general findings are that the paradox has been overdone. It is not, in fact, true that pure iron will not rust. Its rate of rusting is merely enormously diminished by having the iron quite pure. It is not true that there is no action of pure nitric acid on pure copper; again the rate of attack is just very greatly cut down. Gases do combine, though slowly, even when excessively pure. So the prussic acid bottle had better be left on the shelf in the locked cupboard, and so on. The error has been in thinking that slowing up all these processes is the same as absolutely stopping them. Cut out the impurities and down goes the rate, say, to a thousandth of the normal rate. True. But that is very different from cutting it down infinitely—the thing that must be done if the process is to be stopped entirely. To realise this you have only to think of the great difference there is, in your own mind, between a one in a thousandth chance, say, of your being killed or winning a valuable prize, and a nothing in a thousandth chance. It is not a difference in degree at all; it is one of kind.

So it comes to this, that a very pure substance is not to be given a pat on the back as though it were something remarkable, or held up as an example to the slightly soiled. A substance has got to be taken with what seem its faults. Then it has a real and, curiously enough, dependable character; then it acts like a real individual. When hyper-pure, in the very strange surroundings imposed upon it, it may have simply no character at all. It is capricious. It doesn't conform sufficiently to let science do anything with it.

A Bride in the '30's

(For Madame Maugeot)

Easily, my dear, you move, easily your head
And easily as through leaves of a photograph album I'm led
Through the night's delights and the day's impressions
Past the tall tenements and the trees in the wood
Though sombre the sixteen skies of Europe
And the Danube flood.

Looking and loving our behaviours pass
The stones the steels and the polished glass;
Lucky to love the new pansy railway
The sterile farms where his looks are fed,
And in the policed unlucky city
Lucky his bed.

He from these lands of terrifying mottoes
Makes worlds as innocent as Beatrix Potter's;
Through bankrupt countries where they mend the roads
Along the endless plains his will is
Intent as a collector to pursue
His greens and lilies.

Easy for him to find in your face
The pool of silence and the tower of grace
To conjure a camera into a wishing rose
Simple to excite in the air from a glance
The horses, the fountains, the sidedrum, the trombone
And the dance, the dance.

Summoned by such a music from our time
Such images to audience come
As vanity cannot dispel nor bless:
Hunger and love in their variations
Grouped invalids watching the flight of the birds
And single assassins.

Ten thousand of the desperate marching by
Five feet, six feet, seven feet high:
Hitler and Mussolini in their wooing poses
Churchill acknowledging the voter's greeting
Roosevelt at the microphone, Van Lubbe laughing
And our first meeting.

But love except at our proposal
Will do no trick at his disposal;
Without opinions of his own performs
The programme that we think of merit,
And through our private stuff must work
His public spirit.

Certain it became while we were still incomplete
There were certain prizes for which we would never compete;
A choice was killed by every childish illness,
The boiling tears among the hothouse plants,
The rigid promise fractured in the garden,
And the long aunts.

And every day there bolted from the field
Desires to which we could not yield;
Fewer and clearer grew the plans,
Schemes for a life and sketches for a hatred,
And early among my interesting scrawls
Appeared your portrait.

You stand now before me, flesh and bone
These ghosts would like to make their own.
Are they your choices? O, be deaf
To hatred proffering immediate pleasure
Glory to swap her fascinating rubbish
For your one treasure.

Be deaf too standing uncertain now,
A pine tree shadow across your brow,
To what I hear and wish I did not,
The voice of love saying lightly, brightly
'Be Lubbe, Be Hitler, but be very good
Daily, nightly'.

The power which corrupts, that power to excess
The beautiful quite naturally possess:
To them the fathers and the children turn
And all who long for their destruction
The arrogant and self-insulted wait
The looked instruction.

Shall idleness ring then your eyes like the pest?
O will you unnoticed and mildly like the rest,
Will you join the lost in their sneering circles,
Forfeit the beautiful interest and fall
Where the engaging face is the face of the betrayer
And the pang is all?

Wind shakes the tree; the mountains darken:
And the heart repeats though we would not hearken;
'Yours the choice to whom the gods awarded
The language of learning and the language of love
Crooked to move as a moneybug or a cancer
Or straight as a dove'.

W. H. AUDEN

Youth Looks Ahead

Education for Life

By J. F. WOLFENDEN

Dr. Wolfenden is Headmaster of Uppingham

I DARESAY my task this evening seems an easy one. I, representing Youth, am to look ahead. And there is no limit set to my subject or the way in which I am to deal with it. I can look ahead at anything I like and anyhow I like. So I have chosen, as the focus of my looking ahead, Education. For, after all, education is something which either I have been having inflicted on me or I have been inflicting on somebody else for the last twenty-five years. I should very much like to know what is going to happen to education during the years in which I hope to be concerned in it. And I am going to try to tell you what I expect to happen within the next generation.

Difficulty of Making Educational Experiments

But this is not as easy as it sounds, for two reasons. The first is that there is so much to talk about. And the second is that education does not lend itself to striking and revolutionary changes. Changes in education come slowly—and they ought to come slowly. We schoolmasters can't afford to take wild risks, because the raw material of our craft is the individual lives and happinesses of the boys and girls whom you entrust to our care. Individually you all know this. Those of you who are fathers and mothers expect us to take care of your children, and you have every right to expect us to. In boarding schools we do try to take care of them, morally, physically and spiritually, as well as mentally. But if we are going to do this I think you will agree that you do not want wild educational experiments carried out as a sort of educational vivisection with your children as the victims. So if you find that by comparison with some of the talks in this series this one of mine is rather dull, try to remember that the educational future I am talking about is the future of your own children.

Well, then, I must concentrate on the broad view, and leave details to take care of themselves. And my first broad generalisation is this: education is education for *life*. Education is not for leisure only, though sometimes you might think that that is all that we are concerned with. Nor is education for work only, though sometimes you may not be able to see any other point in it. Nor is education for citizenship only, at any rate, in any narrow meaning of the word 'citizenship'. Education is for life, the whole of life: that is the very first clause in the creed of any educationalist—if you like that beastly word. Now we need not waste time talking about the past or the present failure or success of education in fulfilling this end. That might be interesting, but it would be irrelevant, for we are concerned here with the future, and past or present shortcomings are of no interest at all except in so far as they shed light upon the future.

Now, if education is for life, it is reasonable to suppose that the education of the future will be for the life of the future. And we can't very well lay down any laws for the education of the future until we have come to some agreement about the life of the future. That, in any sort of detail, is not my business, but I think you will allow me two or three guesses about it. They are very mild guesses, all of them, and they are these. First and most important, there is going to be an increasing demand made on each one of us for a far wider outlook, both in our thinking and in our action. Secondly, there will be in the future increasingly keener and keener competition in all professions, trades and businesses. And thirdly, there will in the future be far more 'spare time' for everybody than there has been in the past or is in the present.

Let me say a word or two about each of these, by way of amplifying these rather bald statements. And first about the obligation that is going to be laid on all of us for a far wider outlook than we have been used to. I don't see how this can be denied—and I don't want it to be denied. The world is getting smaller every day. It takes a few days now to get to Australia, instead of several months. Newspapers tell us what has happened all over the world only a few hours before we read about it. And I suspect that some of our educational methods have not taken count of this quite amazing making-of-the-world-

smaller. We have got to realise—all of us, parents, teachers and children—that the world is every day getting smaller, and that in the world of today isolation, however splendid, is simply impossible. All this is obvious enough: we accept it all as fact and platitude. Yes, but what are we doing about it?

Place of Civics in the School Curriculum

The sort of thing I should like to do about it is this. There is a subject in the timetables of some schools under the name of Civics. It is rather a Cinderella in most syllabuses: and its name is not a very happy one. But the subject itself is of the very greatest importance. And we must have more of it, in every school in the country, elementary, secondary, central, public or private. I wonder how many of you know how Parliament works, or how your Local Government Authority works or how the rates and taxes are spent which you with such reluctance pay? But you are voters, and you ought to know these things. And I want every boy and girl who is going to be a voter in the future to know more about these things. They ought to know how they are governed. And they ought to know, too, how they can take a share in these public activities. They ought to realise to a far greater extent than most of us do their public responsibilities. The last thing I want to do is to educate all the girls and boys of the country to be politicians: that would be horrible. But I do want them all to be able to take an intelligent interest and an honest share in the life of the town they live in, and the country they live in.

I am sometimes told that the public schools at any rate are failing in their duty of producing leaders, and for this reason. I am told that we use up the boys' capacity for loyalty and service instead of developing it. That we foster so much house-spirit and school-spirit that when the boys leave and go out into the world they can't find anything quite as easy as that to be devoted to, so they stop being devoted to anything at all. Now I am not admitting that this accusation is true. But the very suspicion of it is enough to make us think. And I am sure that if all through the country boys and girls, at every kind of school, could be made to see how very much the concern of the whole community is the concern of each one of them individually, then there would be no lack of causes for them to be devoted to. I am quite certain that the present generation is every bit as public-spirited as any other. What they need is to have their enthusiasms directed. And that I am sure would best come by telling them, while they are at school, about the community as a whole and their duties to it. I would have them taught, in fact, the basic principles of citizenship. Yes, I know it sounds obvious and elementary, but were you taught anything like that when you were at school?

Teach the Children Really Modern History

And I would not have them stop at that. Teach them to think patriotically—certainly; teach them to think imperially—certainly. But why should they stop there? When they have realised that the country they live in is one community, let them go on to realise that the world they live in is one community. And a community, as I have said, where every member is daily coming nearer and nearer to every other. I want the next generation to know some economics. And I want them to know some modern history—really modern history I mean, not the history of the Plantagenets or the Wars of the Roses (why does so-called modern history stop at the end of Queen Victoria?)—enough modern history to enable them to understand what they read in their daily papers about America and Germany and Italy. This isn't very much to ask, is it? But if you and I and our elders had been brought up like this I fancy that the history of the last fifty years would have been a good deal happier.

There I must leave my first point and turn to my second—increasing competition. Competition is getting keener and keener every day for posts in all kinds of businesses and professions. And it is going to be keener still in the future. One

of the things that reformers have always cried for is 'equality of opportunity'; well, it seems to me that they have got it. There are precious few posts nowadays, in industry or business or professional life, that are not open to anybody who has the ability to compete for them. To put the same thing in another way—the Age of Privilege is past. The days are gone when a boy from a public school and the university could expect to start his commercial life with an income of a thousand a year in a soft job in his father's office. Business is too keen nowadays—and so are fathers. The boy goes in at the bottom, like anybody else; and if he is not good enough to get on on his merits, he stays at the bottom.

And as a result of this there comes an increasing demand for specialisation and specialised knowledge, both in school-children and in undergraduates. The universities are recognising this; and in several of them Departments of Agriculture, and Engineering and Glass Technology and such-like are springing up or have sprung up, simply to meet the demand for specialised knowledge of that sort at a high level. And at a less advanced level the same thing is happening in all our schools, of all sorts. This movement is going to increase in force as time goes on. As machinery continues to take the place of men there will be fewer and fewer jobs and more and more specialised knowledge demanded of the candidates for them.

Where are our Leaders?

But I am not at all sure that this demand for early and intensive specialisation is a good thing. It is a development which needs careful watching, from the educational point of view. There seems to be no time left in the modern world for disinterested education. By that I mean education in things which have no obvious money value. And that, surely, is a dangerous thing. It is dangerous from the broad, theoretical point of view. For we are in danger of producing one-sided specialists, who may not be educated men at all, if I am right in my first broad generalisation that education ought to be for the whole of life and not only for one part of it. And it is dangerous from the industrial point of view too. The danger is that the schools of the country are producing too many well-informed subordinates but precious few leaders. I have had it put to me by men of business in this way: 'We can get', they say, 'lots of people for the three or four or five hundred a year jobs. In fact, we can get more of them than we can use. But what we can't get is people to fill the three or four or five thousand a year jobs'. They can find, in fact, plenty of subordinates but no leaders. Where are the leaders? Well, I suspect that some of them have been caught in this specialisation net, and never been given the chance to develop the qualities which leadership demands. If specialisation is learning more and more about less and less, it is not surprising—is it?—that breadth of outlook and adaptability of mind get lost in it. And those are the qualities which high places in business and industry call for. So we must keep our eyes open—not only we schoolmasters, but you parents and you employers too—and see that this specialisation cry does not defeat its own end.

Now for my third point, which is closely connected with the second. The reason why there is increased and increasing competition is that there are fewer jobs going. And the reason why there are fewer jobs going is that in every single walk of life man is giving place to the machine. More machines and fewer men is the key-note of modern industrial development. Hence the shortage of jobs. Hence also—and this is my third point—the great amount of spare time which is at the disposal of each one of us.

But have we quite realised that this enforced idleness is going to increase a thousandfold? Have we quite realised that in the future every single one of us is going to have on his hands far more time than we can at present imagine? Shorter working weeks of shorter working days are going to give us all far more leisure. And that lays another most important duty on us schoolmasters. It is not just an accident that most of the educational reforms of the present day are concerned with the better use of leisure. We must prepare our children for a life of which anything up to half their time is leisure. What are we going to do about this?

Obviously we do not want our children to grow up to waste

their time, do we? People of my own age or a bit older rather tend to think of their day as divided into two unequal parts, one devoted to work, the other given to play or relaxation. And this playtime or relaxation is regarded as 'time off' or waste. I suppose this is because in our day work takes most of our time and energy. With our children it will be quite different. Their work will take nothing like so much of their time or energies as ours does. So I want to see them educated in the creative use of leisure. I say 'creative' and not 'recreative' for I think that recreation can be left to look after itself: I don't think we need be afraid that that will be crowded out. It is creation that the world needs now, and will need more than ever in the future. In this age of mechanisation and standardisation and mass-production that we live in, man's creative activity is being overlooked and forgotten. Men and women are forgetting how to make things. And if we are not careful our children will have forgotten altogether that individual artists ever have created individual things.

Training in Creative Activity

So I want to see them trained in creative activity. I don't mean just in making rabbit hutches and garden seats. That is a beginning, but only a beginning. The idea of a 'useful and instructive hobby' is an idea that belongs too much to our present-day attitude towards our work—the attitude, I mean, that our life is split up into two parts sharply divided from each other, work on the one hand and play on the other. But this will not be our children's experience. They will have increasingly monotonous work to do, which will take less and less of their time and energies: but to compensate for that they will have an increasingly greater amount of time in which to do what they like. And I hope that in this leisure of theirs there will blossom again the creativeness which seems to be getting lost in our present world. I am sure these children of ours have it in them to create—you can see them doing it every day in school. And I want to see coming from them in the future pictures and plays and works of scholarship and beauty, as well as wireless sets and pipe-racks. That is my third point, and there I must leave it.

I have tried to make three points. We shall need in the future more knowledge about the way in which our own country and other countries are run. We shall have keener and yet keener competition for jobs; and that brings the danger of possible over-specialisation. And thirdly our children are going to have far more opportunity for creative use of their spare time than we have or have had. I have tried to make these three points. But I know as well as anybody that they are only a very small fraction of what might be said about education in the future.

Just think for a minute, now, what sort of person you would like your boy or your girl to be in ten or fifteen years' time. I know pretty clearly what sort of youngster I should like mine to be. I want him to know far more than I did at his age about other people, how they are paid, how they live, and what they do with their time. And I want him to be able to hold down a job without having to sell his soul to specialisation to do it. And I want him to be given the chance to use the spare time I expect him to have in such a way that the world is the richer for his being in it. But that, of course, is not the whole of what I want him to be. It is a minimum. And I hope that you who have children to be educated will not accept anything less than this.

They are going to have a difficult world to live in. We think we have a difficult world to live in, and it is easy enough for us who are still young to criticise our elders for having got us into this mess. But those of us who are still young and are also carrying some responsibility—and I claim to be one of them—know that the world cannot be changed in ten minutes, or even in ten days. I don't believe in trying to turn things upside down. I would far rather build on what we have got. And in the traditions of English education we have got a lot to be thankful for. The days are gone when we could afford to be educated just to exist gracefully—life is far more real and earnest than that: education must be for life. And I for my part shall be content if I can help boys to realise what the life of the future is going to be like, and help them to be fitted for it, so that they make of themselves useful citizens of the world of the future.

The Listener's Music

Musicians at Play

A WRITER in a London evening paper recently said: 'The greatest enemies of English music are the musicians. I have met many of them, and they are, for the most part, a narrow, pedantic, hidebound crew'.

Mutatis mutandis, the view is that of the layman in regard to professionals in any art. Even the professional player of games does not escape: by merely signing on the dotted line as a paid cricketer or footballer he is supposed to lose at once his joy in the game. What the layman fails to realise is the fundamental difference between a professional who has to exercise his craft publicly whether he is physically and temperamentally at his best or not, and an amateur who can follow his inclination. The popular idea that professional musicians enjoy the art less than amateurs enjoy it is a mistake. On the contrary, the enjoyment of the professional is greater because his knowledge is greater: seeing more in music than the amateur can see, his sources of pleasure are correspondingly increased. There are, of course, jaded practitioners in music, as in every other walk of life, but the defect is in themselves; they would become equally jaded, no matter what their profession. In order to see how little there is in this conventional charge of pedantry one has only to attend any conference of professional musicians: the most serious and technical discussions are usually enlivened by an abundance of humour, and the social side of the proceedings are as light-hearted as any but the very brightest of Bright Young People can desire.

The recent conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians provided a typical example of musicians at play. It has long been a custom at these gatherings to devote an evening to some sort of musical fun. Occasionally this has taken an elaborate and premeditated form. For instance, at the conference held in 1901 a 'spoof' opera was produced, jointly written and composed by members. (One of the composers who thus relaxed was that prolific author of text-books, Ebenezer Prout, in whom massive erudition proved to be no foe to zest for life and work.) This 'opera' even got into print, and a stray copy turns up occasionally. It contains some good topical hitting, and shows that the assembled professionals were anything but narrow, pedantic and hidebound.

At the conference held at Buxton a few weeks ago the assembled pedants amused themselves by—but let me quote the brief report that appeared in a musical journal, under the caption 'A Little Nonsense Now and Then . . .': 'The annual "rag"—handsomely announced in the Agenda as "Conference Music"—was an even more hilarious affair than usual. It took the form of an Unmusical Competition Festival, with classes for Unmixed voices, Orchestras and Bandeaux, Grand Uproar Societies, Hellocutionists, etc.' Three well-known adjudicators officiated, one of whom started the events with a pistol shot. The syllabus was a clever piece of fooling. The judges quarrelled violently, and the climax was achieved by all three adjudicating simultaneously three soloists. Misguided layfolk who think that musicians take themselves too seriously would have been put right had they been present at this riotous assembly'.

Artists, and above all, musicians, are lucky in that their medium lends itself to the purpose of 'a little nonsense now and then'. That is where they score over scientists and business men. We can hardly conceive of, for example, a conference of the British Medical Association spending an uproarious evening over a series of mock-operations or diagnoses; or a gathering of business men parodying commercial methods.

But music presents boundless opportunities for larking, both in itself and also through its frequent association with literary texts of many kinds, from nursery rhymes to epic poetry.

The reader may be surprised to find Bach among the first to come to mind in this connection. Yet there can be no doubt that musical jests played no small part in the Bach household. We have, for example, documentary evidence that at the periodical gatherings of the dispersed members of the family the jollifications included a quodlibet—that is, a medley of songs performed simultaneously by the company. (The practice is popular nowadays at camp sing-songs and other free-and-easy gatherings, when 'Three blind mice', 'Pack up your troubles', and other ditties are made to go together in rough polyphony.)

Bach even carried this form of joke into actual composition. At the end of the Goldberg Variations—one of the most astounding displays of invention, beauty, and science in all music—he

seems to say, 'I haven't done with the theme yet', and makes the thirtieth (the last) variation a quodlibet, two popular songs being worked in over the bass of the variation theme. The doggerel words of the songs have been handed down by his pupil, Kittel; here is the rough translation from the English version of Spitta's 'Life':

I long have been away from thee,
I'm here, I'm here, I'm here,
With such a dull and dowdy prude
Out there, out there, out there.

Kail and turnips
Don't suit my digestion;
If my mother cooked some meat
I'd stay here without question.

(Perhaps Holst had this in mind when at the end of his Double Concerto for flute and oboe he brought in, apropos of nothing, the tune of the nonsense folksong, 'If all the world were paper'.) And it is pleasant to recall that Bach not only liked his pipe, but even made a song about it. In the Anna Magdalena Clavier Book—the delightful collection of pieces and songs he wrote for his second wife—there is a ditty entitled 'The edifying reflections of a smoker'. Even better is it to know that Anna Magdalena, wishing to sing the song herself (she had a capital soprano voice) copied it out in a higher key. It is clear that with all his multitudinous labours as a professional musician, Bach remained sufficiently elastic to make music the vehicle of fireside humour.

Some famous musicians were at play on December 8, 1813, when Beethoven's 'Wellington's Victory' was given its first performance. This was his contribution to the 'Battle of Prague' genus, and although it had a popular success (like the later Battles of Prague and Delhi) nobody ever took it seriously—not even Beethoven himself. The orchestra at its first performance included practically all the famous musicians in Vienna at that time—Dragonetti, Meyerbeer, Hummel, Spohr, Salieri, Romberg, etc. I have read somewhere that a few of them were let loose in the percussion department—with resounding results; we may be sure. This was surely one of the most distinguished of musical 'rags'.

At a Humorous Concert given by Sir (then Mr.) Landon Ronald at Queen's Hall on October 28, 1918, on behalf of war charities, a great number of well-known musicians took part—thirty-four, to be exact. Elgar played the cymbals, Moiseiwitsch the triangle, Mackenzie was among the second violins, Cowen and Sir Frederick Bridge played rattles, Irene Scharrer, Myra Hess, and Muriel Foster performed on the nightingale (a glass tube and a tumbler of water), the cuckoos were played by Albani, Ada Crossley and Carrie Tubb, the castanets by Mark Hambourg, and Landon Ronald secured an approximate ensemble with a 9 ft. baton. The works included the Finale of Haydn's 'Farewell' Symphony complete with candles, and with a variety of effects undreamt of by Haydn, but which, with his fondness for a joke, he would no doubt have enjoyed.

And so the tale might go on, with e.g. Saint-Saëns' 'Animals Carnival', written for private use, and published after his death; Stanford's 'Ode to Discord', a parody on the 'modernist' music of about twenty years ago (one of the instruments used was a bass drum so immense that no door in Queen's Hall was large enough: it had to be let down through the roof; it was on view for some time in the window of Boosey's Langham Place branch, no longer existent); the same composer's opera 'The Critic' (a notable example of musical humour that would be ideal for broadcasting, as its effect lies less in the action than in Sheridan's witty text and Stanford's allusive music), and so on. It would be easy to fill pages of this journal with examples, from all periods of musical history, of composers' delight in the application of their skill to humorous ends. The amateur conception of the professional as a narrow pedant is unfortunate, because it helps to maintain a barrier between the two. I remember hearing Dr. Malcolm Sargent, in a speech at a Musicians' Company banquet a few years ago, say that one of the chief needs of music in this country was a close and organised co-operation of professionals and amateurs. I am sure he was right. If to the thousands of professional members of the I.S.M. could be added a similar army of amateurs, the two bodies working together in their local branches, the benefit to both, and to the art they practise, would be far-reaching.

HARVEY GRACE

RADIO NEWS-REEL FEB. 11-17

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



ITALY AND—

Following rumours of Italian mobilisation against Abyssinia, Signor Mussolini has intimated that the Italian Government has no aggressive intentions, but wishes to settle difficulties in a friendly fashion



— ABYSSINIA

The Emperor of Abyssinia through his Chargé d'Affaires in Rome has indicated that his country would appeal to the League of Nations to see what could be done by international action to settle the dispute

MUSEUM AS CLASSROOM

The Educational Committee of the L.C.C. have been discussing a scheme for closer contact between London schools and museums. It was suggested that an hour's visual instruction in a museum makes more impression on children than weeks' of classroom teaching



NEW PEPYS MS.
AT CAMBRIDGE

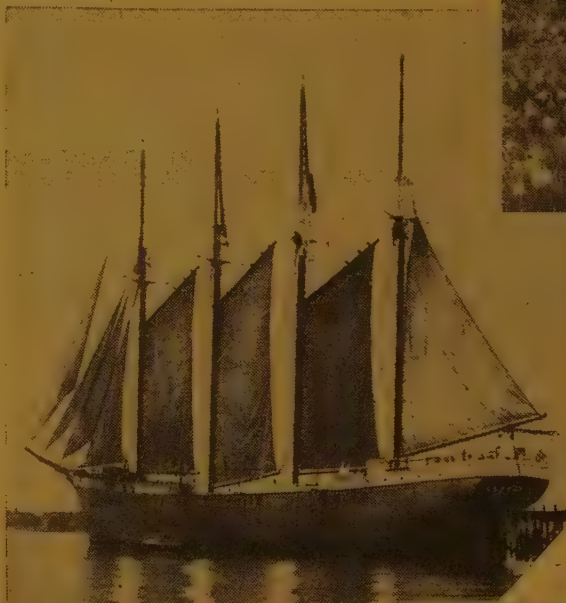
Two more Journals (one of which is shown above) have been discovered in the Pepys Library at Magdalene College. They deal with the Popish plot (1679) and an official investigation into the affairs of the Navy Office



END OF SENSATIONAL AMERICAN MURDER TRIAL

Four studies in expression of Bruno Hauptmann, who was condemned to death on February 13 for the murder of the kidnapped Lindbergh baby, after the jury had been out 11 hours.

Mr. Reilly, for the Defence, demanded a poll, and each member replied in turn: 'Guilty of murder in the first degree'. Hauptmann was sentenced to die by electrocution in the week beginning March 18; but an appeal was lodged immediately which automatically prevents an execution on the date fixed. Hauptmann has now been removed to the condemned cell in the New Jersey State Prison.



Photograph: Abraham, Keswick is being presented to the nation by Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, the grandson of the poet. The piece of land, which will be administered by the National Trust, overlooks Rydal Water, and was originally given to his daughter, by the poet who did much to increase its beauty.

AMERICAN SCHOONER'S DIFFICULTIES

H.M.A.S. *Australia*, with the Duke of Gloucester on board, answering a second distress signal from the *Seth Parker* (left), took off nine of the crew: and wireless later to those remaining on board: 'Satisfied there has never been any question of your calling on me unnecessarily. Good-bye and good luck'. H.M.A.S. *Australia* has curtailed her tour owing to the time lost, and calls at the Bahamas and Bermuda will be omitted. She is due at Portsmouth on March 28.



'A HOST OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS'

In Dora's Field, which



WHAT DOES SHE THINK ABOUT IT?

A protest meeting against Evolution was held in London on February 12. Sir Ambrose Fleming presided, and described as 'distorted' the assumption that man was descended from monkeys.



'MY LORD I MET IN EVERY LONDON LANE AND STREET'

Mark Symons, the painter whose representations of Christ in modern settings have aroused great interest, died on February 13. His picture, reproduced above, depicting Christ in a modern setting, caused admiration and controversy when it was first exhibited.

NATIONAL DECLARATION PEACE BALLOT

The National Declaration Committee who are organising a Peace Ballot in the British Isles published the results of the first million-and-a-half votes on February 11. The questions were as follows:

Question 1: Should Great Britain remain a Member of the League of Nations?

Question 2: Are you in favour of an all-round reduction of armaments by international agreement?













Question 3: Are you in favour of the all-round abolition of national military and naval aircraft by international agreement?

Question 4: Should the manufacture and sale of armaments for private profit be prohibited by international agreement?

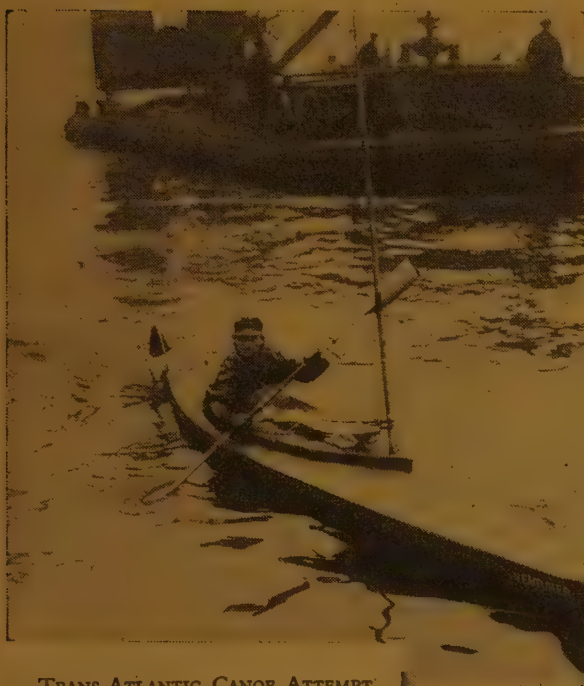
Question 5: Do you consider that if a nation insists on attacking another the other nations should combine to compel it to stop by

(a) economic and non-military measures?

(b) if necessary military measures?

Question		YES	NO	Votes Cast
1		YES 	NO 	1,475,669 (97%) 45,645 (3%)
2		YES 	NO 	1,401,659 (93.2%) 102,868 (6.8%)
3		YES 	NO 	1,289,655 (86.8%) 196,754 (13.2%)
4		YES 	NO 	1,392,686 (93.9%) 90,354 (6.1%)
5A		YES 	NO 	1,298,734 (94.4%) 77,363 (5.6%)
5B		YES 	NO 	828,064 (71.4%) 332,314 (28.6%)

1 man represents 100,000 votes



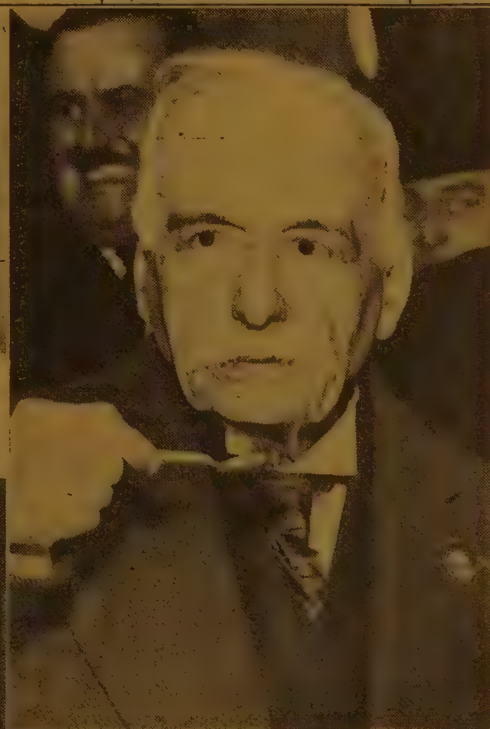
TRANS-ATLANTIC CANOE ATTEMPT

Leslie Fairnie set out in his canoe from the Thames on February 11 to cross the Atlantic. After only 15 yards of his 2,000-mile journey he capsized and was obliged to re-stock his supplies and dry his clothes before a second departure the following day. His first port of call is Dover



THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRSHIP

The *Macon*, belonging to the United States navy, met with disaster in a gale in the Pacific on February 12, when she plunged into the sea and sank in 50 fathoms. Only two of her crew of 83 officers and men were missing. The safety of the remainder was due to the crew's discipline on board when the airship was falling and to the quick launching of rubber boats when she came down on the waves.



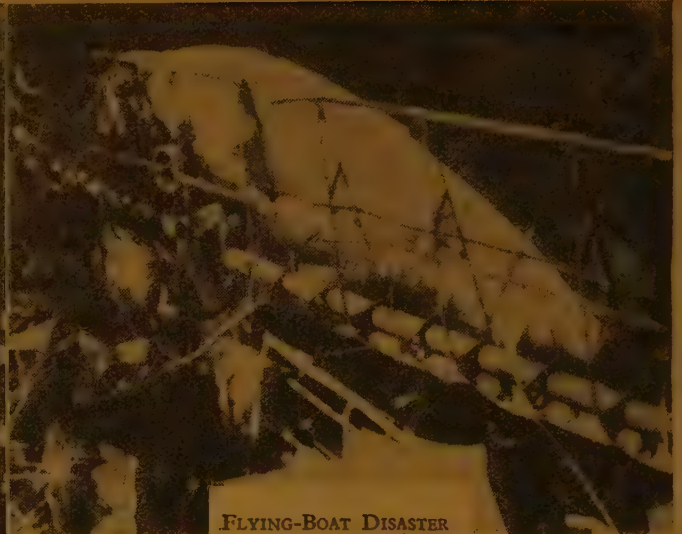
'KING OF CHEFS AND CHEF OF KINGS'

M. Auguste Escoffier died at Nice on February 12. He will be remembered particularly as the creator of 'Pêche Melba', a dish he introduced first at a dinner in honour of the famous singer



WORLD WITHOUT LIFTS

There has been grave anxiety in New York over a threatened strike of lift-men. People were horrified at the prospect of climbing thousands of stairs to their skyscraper offices and dwellings



FLYING-BOAT DISASTER

The photograph shows the remains of the R.A.F. Short Singapore flying-boat which crashed in fog on the side of a mountain near Messina on February 16, all the nine occupants being killed. The work of removing the bodies from the wreckage was obstructed by mist and rain, but eventually they were brought to Messina where, with Italian and British naval honours, they were placed on board H.M.S. *Durban* for transport to Malta, where they will be buried



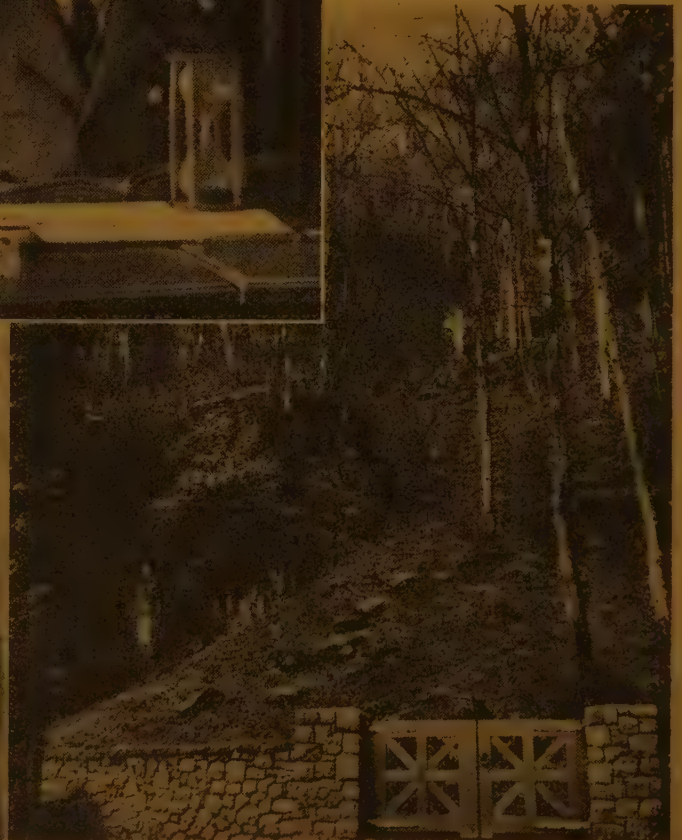
AUCTION BY HOUR-GLASS

At Langport, Somerset, the right to collect tolls from traffic using a bridge on the River Parret is auctioned by the timing of each bid with an hour-glass. When it has been turned three times without a fresh bid, the last bidder becomes the purchaser. At the beginning of the century only £41 was paid, but the increased traffic on the bridge, which is on the main road between Taunton and Wells, has sent up the price this year to £1,430



HOUSE COLLAPSES IN LONDON

An incident of the gale during the week-end February 16-18 was the collapse of this house in Holloway, where nine persons who were in bed at the time had narrow escapes



ANNIVERSARY OF BELGIAN KING'S DEATH

A cross marks the spot where the body of King Albert was found after his death rockclimbing at Marche-les-Dames. King Leopold laid a wreath there on February 17, the anniversary of his father's death

The Way to God

How Jesus Christ Died

By FR. C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

IT is the fact that Jesus Christ, our Lord, died, and that His death was a very cruel one. Crucifixes remind you that Christians attribute a central position to that death. We are saved, we have always insisted, by the Blood of His Cross. This is why Mr. Bernard Shaw has been able often to make one of his jokes about *Crosstianity versus Christianity*. I have therefore to remind you that, as in the last lecture we guarded against one misunderstanding, so in this one we have to guard against another.

Last time, we said that they are perfectly at sea who imagine that Christianity despairs of this life and wants us to disregard it, and to transfer the whole of our attention to heaven. This is quite false, in view of the history of Christianity, which has always inspired men to sacrifice themselves to the utmost for those actually living upon earth, so that the Kingdom of God may come, and grow, 'on earth', even though it will not reach its full perfection save in heaven; and false too to the doctrine of our Lord Himself, which reveals itself in that very prayer whose words we have just quoted, and false to the doctrine of, for example, His special friend St. John, who asks how we can say we love God, whom we do not see, if we love not our brother, whom we do see and who is near at hand and needs us.

So here, we have to insist that suffering and death may be the centre of our creed, but they are not the upshot of our creed. The Crucifixion has for us no sense at all apart from the Resurrection: it was, precisely, 'for the joy set before Him' that our Lord 'endured the Cross, despising the shame', and that joy is nothing else than our salvation and eternal happiness. In fact, were I to criticise the vivid drawing with which Mr. Wragg has enriched this section of the booklet, 'The Way to God', it would be on the grounds—not indeed that the sad and helpless look to their Fellow-Sufferer for consolation, but that he does not show the gift of that consolation; we do not guess that the Cross is destined to give happiness, and happiness here and now, besides the blissful vision of our God through-out eternity.

These particular lectures are not meant to be so much theological as descriptive: I want to put a picture before you rather than an argument. But I can say this briefly. In our last talk* I insisted that our Lord in no way made exceptions in His own favour. Having taken up our life, He took it up thoroughly and interfered with none of its events on His own behalf. His miracles were worked for the sake of others; never for His own. Therefore when His life and preaching bred hostility—hostility in the long run so bitter as to make men resolve to get rid of Him—He neither hid Himself nor asked for those 'twelve legions of angels' nor any other divine interference, that He might be rescued. But if, at that time and in that place, He was to be arrested and executed, all that terrible series of insult, scourging, mockery and crucifixion was bound to be involved. Jesus, for our sake, shirked none of it. What we should have had to undergo, He freely underwent.

Self Cannot Heal Self

But His suffering was not only companionship in our pain. We call it, and especially His Death, redemptive. Impossible to enter fully into that—but briefly, men have sinned. And we sin: against conscience, against light, against God. We do not merely make mistakes. Nor is there any necessary law of progress in mankind, as though we had arrived merely half-way in a mechanical evolution, so that we could not help doing as badly as we have done, and were bound to do better in coming generations. But self cannot heal self. Not all men put together can make good even one sin, for sin is against God, and God is greater than the whole created universe; not in amount, as it were, but in nature. God could have put right the wrong in many ways: He chose to do it through the Incarnation. His Son took up our nature, and so could live a life that was fully human, and yet, since He was truly God,

altogether worthy of His Father: and could offer thus a worship and obedience to God that should be truly man's, and yet adequate. Precisely in so far, then, as we incorporate ourselves in Him, when He offers Himself, He offers us, and God accepts us. When God sees Him, He sees us in Him; and, seeing us, He sees His Son in us. But the offering of Christ to His Father was that of His whole life, not a mere part of it. Not till the hour of His human dying, therefore, was His offering consummated: and to that death God attached our full Redemption, Christ having died indeed on behalf of us, but not instead of us, and having died as He did, not because God drove the nails in—we did that. Next time, we shall see how, being (as Paul says) 'co-crucified' with Christ, we become able too to share in His Resurrection and Eternal Life.

Far then from shirking hardship, for our sake He chose it from the outset. The life of most men is not soft; neither should His be. His was the precarious life of a Galilean working-man, and in surroundings that you must not idealise nor make fancifully beautiful. When He was about ten, the Romans, as punishment for a raid, crucified 2,000 men of a neighbouring townlet, Sepphoris, and of its environment, which can hardly have excluded Nazareth. Mary and her Son were familiar, all their lives, with the sight of men dying upon crosses. I say nothing of the dangers of His childhood, nor of the difficult days of those years of manual labour and privation, which lasted till He was 30.

Treading the Path of Enmity

But I will, once more, insist on the whole governing principle of His life, which involved the continual rejection of the easy triumphs that might have been His; the preaching of noisy nationalism; the accepting of external honours, or money, or anyway popularity. He lived, it is true, in publicity: but—strange self-advertisement!—the more He was known to be what He was, the more certain became His ignominy, rejection, and defeat. Remember what we said. While He upheld as intangible the eternal moral law, He drove men's minds inwards to where it really operates, away from the thousand and one exterior customs with which the religious legalists of His time had overlaid it. Their enmity was, therefore, immediately ensured. Proceeding, as He could not but do, from the supreme truth of God's universal and loving Fatherhood, He enfolded in His arms and His heart just those by preference whom popular opinion considered unclean and outcast—the tax-collector, the leper, the sinner, yes, and the pagan—and loved and welcomed those who received nothing but scorn or hate from the exclusivists around Him. Almost at once, then, you see suspicion clouding up. Why does He break the Sabbath, even by healing? Why does He not fast, as even the Baptist did? How dare He speak, as He did, about the Gentile? What, above all, was this disgraceful ideal of the Kingdom and its King that He seemed to portray—a Kingdom of mean people, of the poor in heart, the discouraged, the unresisting, almost a Kingdom of human refuse, of nobodies-in-particular? Where was the promised glory in all this? The victory of the People over all enemies?

But all this was as nothing to the fact that at last He had to make it clear that if the Jews rejected what He taught them, as they did, they must themselves be rejected. Those who had been invited would not come to the marriage feast: very well, it should indeed be the despised Gentiles, men from the by-ways and the hedges, who would accept, with joy, God's summons. The divine husbandman sent messenger after messenger to His Vineyard—the prophets: all had been treated with contumely by those to whom the Vineyard had been entrusted; and when, at long last, the Son was sent, they killed Him. What should be done to those iniquitous guardians? The Vineyard should be taken from them and given to others. In proportion as they realised that He was judging them,

and condemning them, and foreshadowing the passing of their privileges away from them, their bewildered irritation grew towards sheer fury.

A Destiny to be Shouldered

He was not unaware of this—He kept, as the months grew few and fewer, trying to persuade the Apostles that He was certain to be arrested, spat upon, scourged and crucified, but He provoked them only to horror-stricken cries that that 'be far from' Him. Terribly lonely, then, He 'set His face towards Jerusalem', walking so fast that they could not keep up with Him, to Jerusalem that He knew would kill Him, yet saying that He had a baptism to be baptised with—a destiny to be shouldered—and how was He straitened, that is, irked and almost chafing, till He should have done so! There was nothing here of gloom; nothing of pessimism. 'Unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it remaineth all by itself, alone; but if it die, then beareth it much fruit'. Yes; 'one man reaps where another man hath sown'; but there is no jealousy, no grudging here: sower and harvester (together) shall rejoice.

He having thus completely denied Himself—His self—and having done it so gladly, happily, generously, He certainly was not asking anything outrageous from us if He asked that we with Him should 'take up our cross daily'—go daily to the gallows—for the sake of God, of Himself, and of the Kingdom. Certainly we have to die, and to put ourselves to death, in all that is self-seeking and self-serving and self-worshipping. It is quite idle to pretend that Christ's offer to us—He forces nothing upon us—is an easy life. You know that perfectly well. Were I, or any other minister of religion, to offer you a sort of easy-going religion, you would think nothing of it. A man may well say that he sees nothing in religion and thinks it silly; but he would think it shameful if it professed to be religion, let alone the Christian religion, and meant merely that you could manage to make the best of both worlds, and had nothing to say about Sacrifice. But a very happy one, I repeat. How each man is to make his sacrifice, is his affair and God's. But no disappointment is ever more acute than his, who is always seeking for that most soul-dissatisfying thing, personal gain or pleasure: 'self, not service'. No: give self over to the service of God, and of your fellow-man for His sake, along with the totally self-sacrificial Christ.

The Trial

It is in the next lecture that I hope to express more fully the way in which He gradually proclaimed His own Kingship, and the supreme truth, that He was Son of God. But you will understand that this was the fatal climax. He had injured the spiritual pride of His hearers by denouncing the exterior conventionalism of so much of their religion; their social pride, when He spoke so gravely about riches; their national pride by what He taught about the Kingdom. And just in proportion as the people, still unable to understand Him, grew enthusiastic and wished to make Him king—king according to their ambitions—the governing class grew really frightened, lest the Romans should take reprisals on the whole nation because of this one revolutionary, and they decided that it was better that one man should die, than the whole nation perish. And beyond all this, and clinching the matter, was the genuine horror of those who realised that He meant to the full what at one time He seemed to be ambiguously hinting, that He was sole Son of God, equal with God, and God. Do not imagine that our Lord failed in His human nature to shrink most sensitively from the horrible fate that He foresaw, and towards which He went so unswervingly. The Evangelists do not hesitate to relate His agony in the Garden, when He was overwhelmed with downright fear, with a sick disgust that it should have come to this—that the city and the people and their spiritual guides, over whom He had wept so bitterly, should be the very ones to seek to rid the world of Him, and should be able to use, actually, one of His own friends as the treacherous instrument of His arrest; and with grief such that He could say He was sorrowful even unto death, and that the sweat broke from His body till it ran down like drops of blood even to the ground. Well, He was indicated, by Judas, to the soldiers, with a kiss; He was bound like a thief, and led into the city. First, for a formal visit to Annas, the true High Priest, and thence, to his son-in-law, Caiaphas, acting high-priest, as we should say. Caiaphas, because Jesus would not commit Himself, nor say anything that

they could regard as blasphemous, was forced to seek 'witnesses', and kept Jesus a prisoner during the night. That night of wakefulness, and of extreme and bitter insult, cannot here be dwelt upon.

Next day, witnesses of a vague description had been found, willing to allege that Jesus had said something about demolishing the Temple. In desperation, Caiaphas adjured Him in God's Name to say whether He were the Christ or no. Thus adjured, He could no more keep silence, and affirmed that He was. They had what they sought—the 'blasphemy': He was 'worthy of death'. But while the Jews could declare that much, they had no rights actually to execute a man. Only the Roman governor could do that. He was, then, taken to Pilate; but since Pilate would certainly not execute a man on a charge of what would seem to him merely an absurd affair of scruple and superstition, they had to invent a political charge—it was, that Jesus called Himself a king—was in revolt against the Caesar. Pilate simply could not accept this charge as serious, lodged against a man already so hopelessly exhausted and pitiable. He struggled to free Jesus; and actually thought that he could satisfy the Jews by having Him scourged and then set free. Therefore our Lord was scourged by the 'horrible scourge' of the Roman soldiery, that scourge which set the bones shining white through the torn flesh, and under which men not seldom died. Then, maddened by the blood, the soldiers set to mocking Him; He was dressed as a farcical king, in scarlet cloak, with a crown of thorns, and a cane-sceptre in His hand. Then they took the cane and filed before Him, genuflecting, saluting Him as king, striking His thorn-crowned head with the cane, and spitting at Him. Have you ever seen that? A man spat upon by an infuriated mob? May you never do so. Pilate then exhibited Him to the crowds from his balcony. 'Look at Him!' But they still howled for His crucifixion. Pilate still resisted. . . . It was only when the infuriated Jews cried that if he did he was 'no friend to Caesar', and implied that they would denounce him to the Emperor, that he yielded.

The Completed Sacrifice

They put His cross on His shoulders and bade Him carry it. It was too heavy. A foreign Jew was made to assist Him. At Calvary He refused to drink the drugged wine that was given to men due to die; He would not cloud His mind, in the hour of His self-offering. While they nailed Him, He 'kept saying': 'Father, forgive them: they do not know what they are doing'. Hanging on the Cross, He made the promise to the penitent thief beside Him that that very day he should be with Him in Paradise. He confided His Mother to St. John, and thereupon ended His human relationships and spoke no more to men. Darkness settled over the terrible tragedy, and after a long while, in the darkness, He cried out: 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'—words indicating indeed the fearful dereliction He was experiencing, but also the first words of the Psalm which begins by that expression of unendurable anguish, only to end with the most perfect cry of trust; and, even, affirmation of exultant triumph, even of public triumph, His own, and that of the great multitude whom He should gather to His side. Then He said: 'I thirst'. Thirst racks those whose blood has run almost quite away. They put a sponge of thin soldiers' wine upon a spear, and lifted it to His lips. Thus, we may thank God, was one tiny act of kindness done, and by a pagan, to the agonising Jesus.

Finally, He cried: 'It is consummated'—not, it is finished, it is over, but—consummated. The perfect life had been lived through; all the promises had been kept, the prophecies fulfilled. He could offer the completed sacrifice to God, and, 'in a strong voice', said: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit'. And thus, He died.

Axis, a new quarterly review of contemporary abstract painting and sculpture, edited by Myfanwy Evans (at 100 Holland Road, London, W. 14), publishes in its first issue (price 2s. 6d.) articles and reviews by the Editor, Herbert Read, Geoffrey Grigson, Anatole Jakovski, Paul Nash, H. S. Ede, Hugh Gordon Porteus and John Piper; and reproductions of paintings and sculptures by Arp, Calder, Héliou, Barbara Hepworth, Arthur Jackson, Miró, and other abstract artists. The next number, to be issued in April, will include illustrated articles on Sir Michael Sadler's collection at Oxford, and on the paintings of Kandinsky and Ben Nicholson.



Tin-mining in Bolivia: an artificial lake for creating the electric plant by which the machinery of the mine is worked

By courtesy of the Bolivian Legation

Markets and Men

Keeping Up the Price of Tin

By J. W. F. ROWE

THE present price of tin is very high relatively to its cost of production; yet the world does not seem to mind paying this price, and is certainly using more tin today than two to three years ago, when the price was half its present level. That seems a bit odd, but let us consider, for example, the demand for tin by the motor industry. On the average about 5 lbs. of tin are today used in the construction of a motor-car. Now, if the price of tin is £300 per ton, the cost of this 5 lbs. of tin will be about 9s. more than if the price of tin is £100 per ton. Therefore, whether more or less tin is used by the motor industry obviously depends primarily upon the price of motor-cars, and the consequent demand for them, rather than directly on the price of tin. The producer of tin cannot increase his sales to the motor industry very much even if he cuts his price in half, while if the price is doubled, he will probably sell nearly as much, because there is no very good substitute for tin.

Now you see this situation really arises from the fact that tin is used in small quantities in association with many other metals and raw materials to make a motor-car, and this is, generally speaking, true of all the other uses of tin. The greatest single use for tin is, of course, in making tins, but don't forget that tins are made not of tin, but of steel plate with a very thin coating of tin. The cost of tin matters, of course, very much more to the tin-plate manufacturer than to the motor manufacturer, but even so, it is not, for example, like the cost of raw cotton to the cotton spinner. And to most other users of tin, it matters hardly, if at all, more than to the motor manufacturer, because, as I have said, tin is used in very small amounts relatively to the value of the article produced. All the same, a prolonged maintenance of very high prices for tin would almost certainly stimulate tin users to find substitutes, and there is already a certain amount of competition between aluminium and tin.

The nature of the demand for tin is therefore one of the reasons why the price of tin fluctuates so continually and so very widely. If production is only a little in excess of requirements, the price will fall severely, because consumption is not much increased as the price falls, and *vice versa*. The other reason is that the holding of stocks is a very costly business, because tin is such a valuable metal—it means locking up a great deal of money to buy even a few hundred tons at, say, £150-£200 per ton. Consequently a fall in price is not usually checked by buying for stock-holding until that fall has gone a long way and people expect a considerable and rapid increase to occur almost at once. The converse is equally true. If there is a slight shortage, there will be a very sharp rise in price.

Now let us turn to the production side. A glance at the statistics of world production shows that tin ore is relatively rare, and that it is distributed very irregularly over the world's surface. In 1929, the record year of production, the world's tin output was 192,000 tons. Of this two-thirds came from one belt running diagonally down the south-east corner of Asia, beginning in Lower Burma, passing through Siam and Malaya, and appearing in three small islands in the Dutch East Indies, Banka, Billiton and Singkep. There are also small deposits in Southern China and French Indo-China. The most important of these Asiatic countries is Malaya, which produced 70,000 tons, nearly twice as much as the Dutch East Indies. Altogether South-East Asia produced 126,000 tons. The next biggest source is right on the other side of the world, in Bolivia, which produced 46,000 tons, or, say, 25 per cent. of the world's total. Then midway, so to speak, between these two areas is the comparatively new Nigeria tin field which produced 10,000 tons. That leaves less than 4 per cent. of the total unaccounted for, and of that about one-half came from Cornwall, Spain and Portugal, and the other half from Australia.

I said just now that tin is a rare metal, and it shares a peculiarity with two other rarer metals, gold and platinum, in that it is found both in ordinary seams in solid rock and also in deposits of earth washed down by rivers and water action generally. In Bolivia the tin is in underground seams, but in South-East Asia it is almost entirely in deposits. Now, these deposits can be worked in a fairly simple fashion. The tin-bearing earth is usually covered with a few feet of ordinary soil which has to be stripped off, and then the tin-bearing earth can be dug out by hand, mixed with water in a sump at the bottom of the mine and pumped up to the highest point of a long inclined sluice box down which the mixture of earth and water flows, the tin ore being deposited along the bottom of the sluice box because it is so much heavier than the earth. That is the general method by which the Chinese mine tin in Malaya today. But just before the War, European companies were formed to get the tin by an entirely different method, namely, by the use of dredges. A tin dredge is really only a superior edition of the ordinary dredger which one sees working in the harbours and rivers of this country. A sufficiently large hole has to be dug, and then filled with water to float the dredge. After that the dredge puts down its long arm and the buckets begin going round bringing up the earth; the tin is separated on board, and when it has been taken out, the earth is discharged over the tail of the dredge. Thus the dredge floats on a small lake which continually moves along. Tin dredges were first introduced just before the War. After the War they were installed in great numbers, and their efficiency has been very rapidly and greatly improved. In 1929 about 40 per cent. of the Malayan output was raised by dredges. Thus there is a variety of methods of mining in Malaya, and the same is true of the Dutch East Indies, where the Government virtually owns and operates the whole industry. In Bolivia, however, ordinary underground mines have to be sunk to reach the ore; hence tin-mining in Bolivia has always been a large-scale capitalist industry and is now dominated by one big combine. The small Chinese partnerships and relatively small European companies of Malaya are virtually impossible in Bolivia.

The washing in sluice boxes leaves a mixture of which about 70 per cent. is tin. This mixture is then smelted. A large part of the Dutch East Indies output is normally smelted there or in Holland. The rest of the South-East Asia output is smelted in two big works, one at Singapore and the other at Penang. The Bolivian output and the Nigerian output cannot be smelted in those countries because there is no coal, and their output has always been smelted in Great Britain, largely because until recently the Bolivian ore could not be smelted easily unless it was mixed with other ores, and when in 1902 some Americans tried to set up a smelting plant in the United States, the British Government imposed a heavy tax on all ore from British colonies not being shipped to British smelters. For this and other reasons, the Americans have never been able to establish a smelting industry, although they are such big consumers of tin. A small amount of tin smelting is done in China, Australia and in Europe, but two British companies, one of which owns all the works in Great Britain and the works at Penang and the other the works at Singapore, between them smelt 75 per cent. of the world's output. Great Britain has thus a commanding, and to some extent a monopolistic, position in the smelting of tin, quite apart from the Empire's position as a producer of 45 per cent. of the world's mine output.

Now let us start on the recent story of tin and tin restriction. Once more I think I must go back as far as the War. During the War and the post-War boom tin went to a very high price, but this was primarily because of the difficulty of getting sufficient shipping to bring the tin from the far-away producing countries to Europe. Very large stocks accumulated in the East awaiting shipment, and when the post-War slump began in 1920, this accumulation of stocks, combined with the much reduced consumption, caused a collapse in the price. It seemed that something must be done to hold these stocks off the market, and so the British and Dutch Governments combined together to buy up some 17,000 tons, and to withhold it from the market until consumption revived and the price had reached a more normal level. Looking back in the light of subsequent events, one now realises that the holding-

back and subsequent gradual release of these stocks blinded the market to the fact that consumption was running steadily more and more ahead of production during 1924 and 1925. If these stocks had not been added to the current new production, the price of tin would have risen much more rapidly, and to a much higher level in 1924 and 1925, and this would have given a much clearer signal that additional productive capacity was required. As it was, the world did not fully appreciate the growing excess of consumption over production in time to arrange for increased capacity, and during 1926 there was a rapid rise in the price to a peak of over £300 per ton in February, 1927. The world now awoke with a start to the realisation that considerable new capacity ought to be established as quickly as possible, but with this sudden awakening the amount required was greatly exaggerated. There was, of course, a boom in tin shares, and the flotation of a very large number of new companies, while existing companies increased their capacity. The mines in Bolivia also extended their capacity, but to a smaller extent.

Though, in anticipation of increased supplies, the price of tin began to decline quite rapidly during 1927, the big increase in production did not come until 1928 and still more 1929. But by the middle of 1929 it was clear that there would shortly be very considerable over-production even if consumption continued to increase. The appearance of the world trade depression at the beginning of 1930, and the consequent rapid decline in the demand for tin, turned what was already a serious position into a crisis of the first order.

It was the serious nature of the outlook for the near future which led in July, 1929, to the formation of the Tin Producers' Association, which body, at first comprising some 20 per cent. of the industry, began even at that time to advocate the need for restriction as a remedy for the inevitable over-production. By November, 1929, this body was able to point out the increasingly serious nature of the problem, and its membership rapidly increased. In January, 1930, the Association advocated the stopping of all mining operations for 32 hours each week or its equivalent, but this proved ineffective. In May a voluntary curtailment of output by 20 per cent. was agreed upon by the members of the Association, both in Malaya and Nigeria, while the output of a large proportion of the Bolivian mines was similarly curtailed. Efforts were made to persuade the Dutch to join the scheme, but their point of view was, briefly, that they had not extended production during the boom to any appreciable extent, and that therefore it was unreasonable to expect them to curtail operations during the slump for the benefit of those countries which had increased their production to an unwise extent. This second effort at partial voluntary restriction was not much more successful than the first. With the continuing contraction in consumption, the price had been down as low as £105 by the end of 1930, and there was probably a surplus of at least 20,000 tons of stocks over and above the normal amount. The situation was indeed desperate for the relatively high-cost producers, such as Bolivia and Nigeria, while the majority of both European and Chinese producers in Malaya could at that time barely cover their costs, and the same was broadly true of the Dutch industry.

In these critical circumstances the Governments of the countries concerned were induced to intervene. Voluntary restriction had proved totally inadequate. The only hope was for a Government compulsory scheme. Eventually the Dutch Government was induced to believe that its interests also lay in restriction, and in February, 1931, the present international scheme was established. (I may observe in passing that though the negotiations were conducted by the British Government from London, and not by the Government of Malaya, there was a very active opposition to the idea of restriction among some important groups of producers in that country, who argued that, as low-cost producers, they ought not to be penalised for the benefit of their high-cost competitors.) As from January 1, 1931, production was to be restricted to 78 per cent. of the 1929 output of each country. But the degree of restriction was successively and rapidly increased, because the price obstinately refused to rise, and, equally, stocks refused to fall. In August, 1931, however, the special problem of the surplus stocks was attacked by the formation of a private pool which quickly purchased some 21,000 tons. These stocks were to be released in accordance with a sliding scale of quantities

and prices, beginning at a price of £165 sterling: the pool agreed not to vary this scale of releases without the sanction of the governments concerned in the restriction scheme, who in return undertook to continue the restriction scheme until August, 1934, unless the pool stocks were liquidated before then. By July, 1932, production was restricted to one-third of the 1929 output. This was definitely below even the much



Man-power and machinery in tin production: washing tin—
International Tin Research Council

reduced consumption, and consumption very soon began to increase with the revival of trade in the U.S.A. By May, 1933, the price had risen to £180, and stocks had been reduced by 10,000 tons at least, while the machinery of the scheme had gradually been brought to a point where little or no leakage of supplies was taking place. During the autumn of 1933, as the result of this drastic restriction to one-third of capacity, and with the improvement in world trade generally, the price rapidly rose to a level of nearly £230 per ton, where it has remained. For the first quarter of 1934, output was allowed to increase from 33 per cent. to 40 per cent., and during last summer to 50 per cent. But consumption during the summer showed signs of falling off, and restriction was tightened again to 40 per cent. Last summer also the International Tin Committee agreed to buy tin on its own account in order to stop any undue fall in the price and to sell tin if the price rose unduly. The declared object of this so-called buffer pool-scheme was to help to keep the price stable, but it has been much criticised as giving undesirable powers to the Committee over the tin market, powers which might easily be abused. Yet another development last year was that a number of the smaller producing countries were brought into the scheme. Naturally, with the establishment of such high prices, producers outside the scheme increased their output, and the percentage of their output to the total world production rose from 10 per cent. in the years 1929-31 to 20 per cent. in 1933. From the point of view of the restricting countries it was essential that this should be stopped, but they have had to offer very good terms to induce French Indo-China, the Belgian Congo, Portugal and Cornwall to join the scheme. However, their inclusion has made the scheme more complete, even if the cost is falling mostly on the original members. (The present agreement lasts until the end of 1936.)

At the moment, there is no gainsaying that the scheme has achieved its objects—surplus stocks have disappeared, the price has been stabilised around £230 a ton, and at that price producers can make substantial profits even if output is restricted to 40 per cent. When tin producers consider the position of

most other raw material producers today, they must feel pretty satisfied that they embraced the gospel of restriction. And when one tries to imagine what would have happened if there had been no restriction scheme, the blessings of that scheme appear greater than ever. One might well have seen the price of tin fall as low as £50 a ton. At such a price level it is extremely questionable whether Bolivia could have continued to produce at all, and much the same would probably be true of Nigeria. A large percentage of the industry in Malaya would also have had to close down, while the financial difficulties of the Dutch East Indies Government would have been rendered still more acute than they actually have been. In short, the whole industry would have been completely disorganised, and the owners of capital invested in tin mining would have suffered ruinous losses, while the economic life of a large part of at least two countries would have been virtually destroyed, and serious difficulties would have occurred in others. Restriction has, of course, meant very considerable unemployment amongst mine workers, but no restriction might have been worse even from their point of view. And when the world depression really lifts, there might well have been a shortage of tin supplies, another boom in price, and the need to replace a large part of the capacity which had been destroyed during the depression. Admittedly the present price of tin is high, but the consumer should regard this as an insurance against the possibility of still higher prices later on. And anyway, he seems quite willing to pay the present price.

That is, I hope, a fair statement of the case for the present restriction scheme and the policy which is being pursued. Whether you agree with it or not, depends almost entirely on who you are—that is, on whether you are a high-cost producer, or a low-cost producer, or a consumer of tin. If you are a high-cost producer, you will have no hesitation in supporting the scheme, for otherwise you would probably by now be ruined. And you will clearly support the renewal of the present agreement, and the continuation of the present policy for an indefinite period, since while it lasts you are



—and dredging tin in British Malaya

Polygoun

making at least some profits, and if it stops you will soon be bankrupt. For even if the consumption of tin in due course increases so as to require the full operation of all the existing capacity, new capacity can and will be introduced with costs far below your costs, and that new capacity will take your place. The high-cost producer has, therefore, everything to gain by restriction.

On the other hand, if you are a new low-cost producer, you will take rather different views. Fundamentally you want to

be free to compete successfully with the high-cost producers and drive them out of existence. Three years ago you may have felt that the middle of the worst trade depression ever experienced was not a very suitable time to carry this competition to extreme, and so you were not altogether displeased when your Government set up the present restriction scheme. But now that world trade shows signs of some recovery, you begin to wonder whether restriction is really desirable, for you realise that though you may be benefiting, your high-cost competitors are benefiting much more, and in a way at your expense. Also, you may be wondering whether the maintenance of the present price can be good for consumption, and whether it is not stimulating the use and invention of substitutes, to your detriment in the future. You would be quite satisfied with a much lower price, and you wonder whether it can be wise to mulct the consumer for the benefit of inefficient or over-capitalised producers, and whether it would not be better to end restriction, and get through the admittedly difficult business of eliminating the high-cost producers, which must be done before the tin industry can regain any real stability.

And finally, what of the consumer's point of view? Above everything what the manufacturer wants is stability in the price of tin, and if he could get that, he would not mind paying a bit more than the competitive price for his tin. But when

the well-known Chairman of one of the biggest tin-mining companies in Malaya assures him that the East could produce at a profit all the tin required by the world at £100 a ton, and he is paying £230, the manufacturer rather naturally considers that the price of stability is altogether too high, and that the tin restriction scheme is nothing more nor less than a grasping monopoly. Even if this figure of £100 is really too low, even if we raise it by 50 per cent., the present price seems from the consumer's point of view little short of outrageous. Naturally manufacturers are endeavouring to economise their use of tin and to develop substitutes, and in these days of scientific invention, he would be a bold man who would deny the possibility that considerable success may attend such efforts.

What I have said about the points of view of high-cost and low-cost producers and of the consumer, applies equally of course to the governments of countries which are in these positions, for please remember that this tin restriction scheme is an agreement between governments. And I hope you will give some thought to this matter, because the British Empire, with its predominance as a producer of both high-cost and low-cost tin, and with its commanding position as a smelter of tin, and at the same time with Great Britain as a large consumer, is in a key position, and much depends upon the attitude and policy of the British Government.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

The Future of Airships

THE LOSS OF THE 'Macon' brings into prominence once more the question as to whether the genius of man can ever construct an airship that will withstand the storms it may encounter; and furthermore whether, if successful, it will be of either commercial or warlike value.

Three great nations—Great Britain, Germany and the United States—have all tackled this problem with varying results. Germany has been by far the most successful, and the 'Graf-Zeppelin' has done over fifty successful Atlantic flights, and is always packed to capacity with paying passengers. Great Britain built the 'R.100' and the 'R.101' and whilst we may recall that the 'R.100' crossed the Atlantic successfully, we have to record the grave disaster to the 'R.101' with the tragic loss of life it involved. America has now, within two years, lost her two best ships.

What, then, is the position as regards airship development? If we had Germany's record alone to go upon, we should undoubtedly say that airships were not only technically proven, but would most probably be successful from a commercial point of view. On the other hand, if we had merely the British and American experience to go upon, we might be forced to the conclusion that airships were unlikely ever to be worth the expenditure involved.

There is no doubt that Germany's unbroken experience over the last thirty years in building airships has given her an advantage not possessed by the other two great nations, owing to their vacillating policy. And consequently, she has had not only a technical staff who have spent a life's study in building her vessels, but she has also had an operating staff who have equally had a life's experience in handling them. Furthermore, there is no doubt that both the 'R.101' and the 'Macon' have failed structurally; and if we look at Germany's records it would seem possible that airships can be built which will not fail in this manner.

If, therefore, one was asked for an opinion as to whether airships would eventually be constructed that would withstand the elements, one would, I think, be forced to the conclusion that man would be likely to conquer in this sphere as he has conquered in so many others. But supposing he was successful in this respect, what is the ultimate value of the airship?

There is no doubt that all that aviation can do from the commercial point of view is to sell speed to the travelling public, and therefore the deciding factor will be 'what is the maximum speed which airships are likely, if successfully developed, to achieve?' I do not think that any airship designer would disagree with me when I say that 100 miles an hour is the ultimate maximum speed which can be visualised; on the other hand, it

seems probable that flying-boats will in the near future be constructed with a cruising speed of approximately 200 miles an hour.

The remaining difference between the airship and the flying-boat is that of ultimate range. The airship may have a range of perhaps six thousand miles or more, and the flying-boat a maximum of two thousand five hundred miles. From a practical point of view, however, provided the flying-boat has a sufficient range to cross an ocean such as the North Atlantic Ocean in a somewhat circuitous route from island to island—say, for instance, from England to the Azores, the Azores to Bermuda, and from Bermuda to New York—it may be possible for it to transport the passenger more quickly upon this circuitous route at 200 miles an hour than it would be for an airship to transport the same passenger on the direct route at 100 miles an hour.

It would seem, therefore, that the value of the airship can only be temporary, as, sooner or later, the heavier-than-air machine will by virtue of its higher possible speed fulfil the needs of the travelling public. I don't think, however, that airship development will cease. Germany has been constructing the largest airship in the world for some two years or more, and this new vessel is likely to be launched some time this year, and used over both the North Atlantic and the South Atlantic Oceans. One must remember also that Germany has great pride in her vessels, and is unlikely to be deterred by the failure of other nations. Moreover, the confidence of the travelling public, if we judge from experience, is not likely to be disturbed by the 'Macon' disaster, as accidents are soon forgotten. That this is so is shown by the fact that after the 'R.101' and the 'Akron' disasters, the 'Graf-Zeppelin' has, as I have already stated, run to South America and back, booked to capacity with paying passengers.

SIR DENNISTOUN BURNEY

British Industries Fair

THE LARGEST AND MOST comprehensive British Industries Fair held up to date opened on Monday last; there are in London 1,600 exhibitors, and the area occupied is more than 525,000 square feet—that is about 9 per cent. more than last year, which was itself a record. (I must explain that the Engineering and Hardware Section this year will be held in Birmingham—and in May. That section too, promises to break all records).

'The Fair' is not, of course, a shop where members of the public may buy, nor is it an ordinary exhibition. It is a Trade Fair in the direct line of succession from the famous fairs such as those of Nijni Novgorod and Leipzig, Bokhara and Samarkand, where trades used to gather at the cross-roads of the great



Ideal ski-ing conditions in the Tuxer Alps

Dorien Leigh

caravan routes to show their goods to the buyers of the world. At the British Industries Fair, only manufacturers of one nationality—British—show their goods: and it is the biggest national fair in the world.

But though the exhibitors are limited, there is no restriction of race or creed or nationality on the buyers, and they come to the Fair from every corner of the earth, knowing that here is the opportunity for all trade buyers, British or foreign, to see what British manufacturers have to sell.

I cannot emphasise too strongly that this is the great annual focussing point for British export trade, and though the vast machine of home and overseas trade hums all the year round, the Fair is the occasion when all concerned—business men and Government officials alike—are bent on applying that extra stimulus which will mean increased prosperity and more employment till the time for the next Fair.

'The Fair' means very much more than the mere display of goods, though any ordinary mortal going there may feast his eyes on all the fashions of the future: materials, and colours of textiles that will be the fashion in the next few months; the inventions—from air-beds for babies to tennis-rackets that will not warp—that will be in the nation's shop-windows this spring; the latest and best developments in pottery and glass, in jewellery and toys. But the Fair is more than that.

From one angle, it is the culminating point of months of devoted work in our factories. From another—and this is important to all traders, big or small—it represents one stage of the work undertaken by the British Commercial Intelligence Service all over the world. That Service is constantly searching for opportunities for British trade, seeking out persons interested, helping them with advice about their requirements and then passing them on to the parent department in London, the Department of Overseas Trade. Here in London, the Fair, above all, serves the purpose of putting them into direct touch with the suppliers of the goods they want. It arranges for interpreters. It supplies a club for them on the Fair premises, and does everything it can to make them feel at home. (The United Kingdom buyer is not overlooked by any means, but of course the demands he makes on the Fair are different.) In short, the whole object

of the Fair and the vast organisation behind it is to make things easy for both parties in a trade transaction.

Some of you may feel that there are days when high tariffs, quotas and import restrictions combine to damp the ardour of the overseas buyers and put a severe limit on their activities. On the contrary—all the indications point to an increase in their numbers. Trade agreements such as have recently been concluded by His Majesty's Government do their utmost to offset these restrictions. In any case, we find that buyers from seventy-three countries are coming, through the organisation of the British Industries Fair, to make direct and we hope most profitable contact with British manufacturers and see what the latter have to offer. As our posters show, the Fair is symbolic of Britannia's invitation to the world to trade with her—and the world would seem to be accepting the invitation!

SIR EDWARD CROWE

Snow Wings

MANY OF YOU may never get a chance of going abroad for winter sports, so I will try and take you on a typical day's tour over the Langenalm. We are a party of perhaps half-a-dozen and we set off from the hotel before the sun is up. It is about eight o'clock and the air is a bit nippy. Our path is through a wood and as we carry our skis over the shoulder—like a rifle at the slope—we are careful not to knock the tree branches and bring the snow down our necks. After about an hour, we get through the trees and come out on to the open snow fields. By now they are lit up by the sun, which has just cleared the mountain shoulder behind us. Having reached the open snow we can snap on our skis. Now it is a case of tramp, tramp, on a winding trail up the mountain side. As we get higher the view expands; meanwhile the sun is getting higher too and very soon most of the party have shed their coats. In fact, by lunchtime, some of us are stripped to the waist.

We get to the top at about half-past three. We are allowed half-an-hour to rest and enjoy the view. While we are waiting we stick our 'woods', as we call them, end up in the snow. It gives them a chance to dry, so that before putting them on

again we can give the running surface a rub down with wax. This gives them a lot of extra polish which will send them skimming over the snow. If you are a bit of a duffer you will not wax too much. This means that you will not go so fast and that will help you to take the slopes a bit steeper. Having got your skis buckled on, you stamp and slide them back and forwards to see that no snow is caked on the bottom, while you look down the valley to pick out your course.

And now you are off. A bit faster than you thought; your eyes water with the nip of the wind and the snow hisses off your ski-tips. A slight rise, and you feel the pressure of the ground on your knees, and then your legs slip away again and you have nearly sat down. In the hollow you run up the right bank and swerve down again to the hollow in a long-sweeping turn to the left. You are travelling at perhaps 20 or 30 miles an hour. As you turn right again you strike a patch of crusted snow, your ski goes through and you are brought down heavily forwards and outwards. The breath is all knocked out of you. But it was a fall outwards and forwards, not a lie-down from speed-funk.

And now we are at the neck of the valley and we are on a regular run used by the funicular-fans. They get all their climbing done by a lift and some of them get about 20,000 feet of running a day, the height of Everest above Simla. As a result of the traffic the snow is beaten down to a hard, even surface. It is a pleasant switchback course, on which you can turn easily. Just as you are completing an ambling turn at the top of a switchback, something rattles past. He is by you in a flash and you watch him switchbacking away down, a crouching figure, his hands almost touching the snow. With an occasional twist of the hips he snicks round the back of his skis, changing his direction like a trout in a stream. The rattle of his skis is still in your ears as he shoots through the opening in the fence half a mile below and you are still gaping after him when a girl comes rattling past, just missing your ski-tips. 'Natives', you say to comfort yourself, but when you rejoin your companions you find you are wrong. They have noticed them wearing the K badge in their lapels, the badge of the famous Kandahar club of Murren, the first downhill ski-racing club.

BRIAN LUNN

Work for Work's Sake

IN GERMANY, LAWS have been passed forbidding the introduction of any more labour-saving machinery into certain industries (cigar-making is one) and forbidding any existing machinery now standing idle to be started up. In some other of what we call the less advanced countries similar action has been taken. And there is an example nearer home. I read in the Press that at a meeting of the Bury Town Council (Bury in Lancashire) it was decided to throw out of use mechanical diggers, concrete mixers, and ramming machines in order to make employment for men with shovels, picks and barrows. The cost of the job in hand is going to be doubled and it will take a much longer time, but a lot more men will be employed. Is that the right policy? I have found this more perplexing and disturbing than any other question in this field. I see it from both sides, from the

side of labour-saving and the side of the men whose labour is saved. It seems to me to be a question on which one has to come down solid on one side or the other.

I have made up my mind. Not lightly, but firmly. There are few things I'm positive about; but this is one of them. I think the Hitler Government, in this at any rate, is on the wrong track—a track leading not into any land of promise but into the wilderness. I think any Town Council that adopts the pick, shovel and barrow policy is on the wrong track. Why allow picks and shovels and barrows? Why not insist on finger-nails for digging and all earth to be carried in baskets? That would employ lots more people. The road improvements would take years and cost a million or two of money. And what is the point in having people make cheap cigars by hand (a tedious job if ever there was one) when there are machines standing by that could do it? Well, you may say, it's making work. My answer to that is that any fool can make work; the problem isn't how to make work but how to make wealth, and even more, just now, how to get the wealth that can be made into the hands and homes of the people. There's no sense at all in making work for work's sake. If a Government or a Council wants to make work that is worth making, let it make work that will result in new wealth that people will use as soon as it's made; something over and above what they otherwise would have had—an *extra* length of road, an *extra* park, an *extra* row of houses. To spend money and sweat on the doing of work that could have been done by machine and then have nothing left at the end but what the machine would have given you without either the sweat or the money seems to me foolishness.

I'm not saying that work is a curse. I'm not even saying that work is a nuisance. Every man should have his share of toil. Some of it should be hard slogging toil. It isn't work that's a curse—it's over-work. Over-work and useless work, they're the curse. Useless work is worse than no work at all. I'll defy any thinking being to go on for long digging holes and filling them up again without going crazy. This business of putting the labour-saving machines out of action and setting people to do tedious and back-breaking work that they know could be more easily done is like digging holes and filling them up again. It's crazy. Make work by all means; but don't go back, go forward. Don't rake up old work, create new.

I wouldn't do a thing to stop improvements in machines or processes. I wouldn't forbid it; I wouldn't tax it. But I can't just take that view and leave it there. Having taken that view, I must also take the view that the work that is left when the machines have taken the load off our backs should be as far as possible shared out, by the adoption of shorter hours. I must also take the view that those who have lost their employment as a consequence of improvements in machines and processes ought to be compensated by the community for the loss they have suffered for our advantage. I must take those views. And I do. That's my view of labour-saving machines. I don't ask you to accept it. I ask you to think it over, talk it over, make up your own mind, and when you've made it up, stand fast on your opinion.

JOHN HILTON

The World in the Amateur's Greenhouse

By E. R. JANES

IT is not difficult to have a greenhouse full of beautiful plants, and if you can't go round the world in person you can go in imagination from country to country, as your blooms develop, and enjoy plants from Peru, Persia, Socotra, Spain, Africa, China, Japan, Nepal, Mexico, and elsewhere.

Let us consider some of the plants which may be grown from seeds in the average small greenhouse. The first is *browallia speciosa major* from Peru, one of the most beautiful plants for a cool greenhouse and one rarely seen. It is a free-growing, neat-looking plant, which reaches a height of eighteen inches or two feet, and which, in August, September, and sometimes throughout the autumn months, is densely covered with bright blue flowers, each with a white throat which helps to make the appearance of a plant in flower very beautiful and quite out of the ordinary. It is not difficult to grow.

Another is *campanula ceciliai*, which was found recently in Persia. This little plant is not quite hardy out of doors in this

country, but it delights in the atmosphere of the average greenhouse. It requires much light and fresh air, is very easily grown, and bears innumerable bell-like flowers, held quite erect, of a peculiar metallic shade of blue, veined with purple. Its height is fifteen inches and it is one of the most beautiful plants of recent introduction.

Another beautiful plant, from Socotra, which may be grown quite easily, is *exacum affine*. It has very sweetly-scented, bright mauve flowers and it blooms very freely, for quite a long time, growing about nine inches high.

Then there is *trachelium*, which produces dense clouds of tiny flowers, something like the blooms of *gypsophila*, bluish-mauve in colour. If seed is sown during June or July the seedlings may be grown in a cold frame during the summer and brought into the greenhouse during the winter, when they will flower freely during the following early summer. This is an extremely interesting plant which, if necessary, will stand a degree or two of frost in the winter and, in any case, it does not

require a high temperature during the winter months. This plant may be seen in Southern Spain, growing in old walls and blooming in dense masses.

Another very brilliant plant is *impatiens holstii*, a relative of the old-fashioned Balsam, from East Africa, which gives masses of orange-scarlet flowers for many months. It is very robust, and not particularly fastidious about temperature; as it will succeed in a somewhat dry atmosphere it may be grown easily in the ordinary mixed greenhouse. It is about eighteen inches high.

A very charming little subject is *torenia grandiflora*, from Cochin China—a very profuse-blooming plant with large violet-blue and pale mauve flowers. This will succeed well in pots four to five inches in diameter.

All should try to grow a few cinerarias, which, if not coddled, are extremely easy to grow. Sow in May or June, and place the seed-pan in a cold frame, shaded from sunshine. The seedlings should be grown throughout the summer in a cold frame, in partial shade, and, as they delight in atmospheric moisture, the base on which they stand should be kept moist. Don't bring them into the greenhouse until frost threatens in the autumn, as they grow best in a very low temperature during the winter, 45° Fahrenheit at night being quite sufficient. If, during a cold night, the temperature closely approaches freezing point, it does not matter. These plants are invaluable for those whose greenhouses only just exclude frost. Forget-me-not Blue is a very beautiful variety, dwarf and very easily grown, whilst all should try a few of the superb large-flowered single type, in which old-fashioned colours are blended with modern forms: they will give some colours not given by any other plants.

No greenhouse is complete without a few easily-grown primulas. The Chinese primulas, or *primula sinensis*, should be sown in April and May if intended for early flowering, or sown and grown in a cold frame if sowing is deferred until June. These primulas love the cool, moist atmosphere of a cold frame in the summer and, if given sufficient shade, will grow freely and not need the greenhouse until October, when summer-flowering plants are over. So many think these primulas require much heat, but they thrive in any frost-proof greenhouse in the winter, although they greatly dislike a draught. *Primula malacoides*, also from China, should be grown too, and treated similarly. Both *primula sinensis* and *primula malacoides* are nearly hardy in many parts of the south and in many districts it is possible to winter them in cold frames and bring into the greenhouse when spring arrives. They flower continuously for a long period.

Some of the lilies make a fine show in the small greenhouse, particularly *lilium auratum*, the golden-rayed lily of Japan. They

have uncommon beauty and scent, and all they require is some well drained soil in a large pot, and they like cool, shady conditions. The early flowering gladioli are also very suitable for pots, and so long as they are never allowed to get dry, they make a fine display of colour in June.

To make room for these summer occupants, it is necessary for some of the spring-flowering plants to go outside for a period of rest or time to recuperate under better conditions. In summer, the greenhouse is much too hot for azaleas, camellias, hydrangeas, agapanthus, and quite a number of others.

The so-called Indian azaleas, really from China, should have their old blooms and seed-pods removed, with any unwanted or lanky shoots, and placed in partial shade, or on the northern side of a wall, to make new growth and form flower-buds for next season. They delight in moisture during the summer. Camellias, from China, could be treated similarly, but there is no real need for shade if they don't suffer from drought. Hydrangeas, again from China, should be pruned immediately after flowering and placed in full sunshine. The summer growth develops flower-buds which need sunshine and exposure. These are nearly hardy and when the leaves fall they can remain in a shed until spring. Don't prune these in the winter, or you will remove flower-buds.

The well-known blue lily, agapanthus, from South Africa, is quite happy outside in the summer, so it should be bundled out of the greenhouse to make more room. If you see masses of roots on the top of the soil, or even hanging over the rims of the pots or tubs, please don't take pity on it, or imagine that it requires re-potting or re-tubbing. Nothing of the kind! The more starved and pot-bound it becomes, the more freely will it flower, but not if it becomes dry. It needs abundance of water.

Some plants need a little summer shade, and a few creepers on the roof will provide this. There are many, but here's an uncommon one for a change—*ipomoea rubra-coerulea*, from Mexico. In many Southern European countries it clothes walls, pergolas, and telegraph posts—I have even seen it growing up tram standards. Under good conditions it will grow twenty feet or more during a season. Early in the morning the great convolvulus-like flowers are a wonderful pure shade of mid-blue and as the day goes on the colour passes through almost every shade of purple until it becomes red, and, by early evening, they close: next morning brings another astonishing crop. If seed is sown in the early spring, and the plants allowed to ramble over wires or trellises, they will develop amazingly all the summer, and flower for two months during October and November. Each day will bring its succession of beauty.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Youth Looks Ahead

I must take exception to a paragraph in Mr. de Sélincourt's letter, wherein he states 'I hope it (more education) will never be pursued at the expense of the best education of the best minds, and these must . . . be found in higher proportion in families with an educational tradition'. Psychologists are generally agreed that no particular class in the community enjoys the distinction of showing greater proficiency of mind or intelligence which Mr. de Sélincourt seems to suggest as a fact. Moreover, a definite danger in such an idea is apparent. We do not desire a 'super-mind' class with its attendant evils of class distinctions, but a far larger body of reasonably trained minds which will give us a greater advance and reveal the best minds in all grades of society. We are, under our present system, ignoring the existence of the best minds that lie in classes outside the attainment of best education, and Mr. de Sélincourt need have no fear that we shall lose nationally in the plea for more and more education.

HEANOR

AARON HARTSHORN

I think that Christians allow themselves to be too much brow-beaten by those who talk of the 'mummification' and what-not of religion. Your correspondent, Mr. G. L. Bowman, gets deeper than anyone else when he asks for more prayer; certainly, nothing desiccates religion more than to substitute external activity for the interior spiritual life. But then, the amount

of prayer in the world is enormous. I have just returned from Australia, which I reached via the Argentine and the west coast of South America. Apart from an evening when over 300,000 men went to Communion in the streets of Buenos Aires, and from having had to preach to 120,000 men in the Melbourne showground, and the fact that anything up to a million received Communion in that single city on the next Sunday, I found myself during that trip successively on five ships. I ended by knowing their crews pretty well, and not only the Catholics. Once you were inside the men's minds, you found what was very far from mummified. But I would also beg leave to say the exact opposite to what, I am told, Mr. McCulloch has said. Far from modern young men not desiring creed or dogma, that is exactly what they do want. The world is only too obviously experimenting in authority. Men perceive that politically and socially they are in a welter. They had become opportunists without guiding principles. Morally, that is what younger-young men, it seems to me, themselves have felt. They perceive that the laxity that surrounded the war-period, with its loss or abdication of principles, was as truly responsible for a wasted generation as the War itself was—indeed, for a worse sort of waste. The sort of young man I am thinking of may not accept the Christian code, but that would be because he is unaware of its credentials, not because it is austere, which would, in fact, rather recommend it to him. He wishes to see

on what the principles recommended to him are based, but he is in search of principles, as are all shell-shocked men trying to begin to live again. In a word, he is, if anything, anxious to possess both principles and dogmas; what he objects to are bad principles and false dogmas. Not to see this argues, I fear, a superficial psychological estimate, and, precisely, a youthful inexperience and impulsiveness; or again, a middle-aged clinging to an ineffectual agnosticism. No service is rendered to young men by exhorting them to devote themselves to social welfare, while their minds are still unconstructed and unless they are prepared for any amount of discipline of the will. It is largely because they feel this that they look towards Communism, which, while it ruthlessly strait-waistcoats the mind and contemptuously derides 'free thought' in the old sense, and allows no individual choice at all, seems to them at least more hopeful than uncontrolled surmise and ungoverned energy. As for the somnolence of religion, indeed of a religion along with all its social implications—for ourselves at any rate *solvitur aedificando*. We cannot keep pace with the demand for churches; if I meet an architect building one, I always beg him self-sacrificially to build but half of his complete plan: if he finishes it off, it will have to be enlarged in five years and he will have the heartbreak of seeing all his proportions spoilt. Nor can anyone who has read the papal encyclicals ever since Leo XIII, or studied what has happened because of them, imagine that the Church has failed to attend both in theory and practice to justice among men.

London, W. I

C. C. MARTINDALE

The Magic Circle and Karachi's Challenge

Really, one can make neither head nor tail of the attitude of the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle, as represented by your correspondent Colonel R. H. Elliot. He publishes (and I believe broadcasts) a simple challenge offering 500 guineas to anyone who can perform the Indian Rope Trick. Along comes a certain 'Karachi', and says he can do it. Oh, no, says the Colonel, we don't mean *you*—you can't perform the Trick, you can only perform *a* Trick. Now whatever is the difference? It looks like hair-splitting of a not too creditable kind. The truth appears to be that poor 'Karachi' has put a spoke into the Magic Circle, which, partly out of credulosity, and partly from apparent desire for publicity, has now got itself into the false position of first offering 500 guineas for the performance of a feat which it alleges to be impossible, and then running away from anyone who offers to demonstrate that it is possible.

Melton Mowbray

EDWARD PITT-ARKWRIGHT

Colonel Elliot's letter in THE LISTENER prompts the following questions. The Occult Committee of the Magic Circle requires a person claiming its 500 guineas to 'perform the genuine trick—if such a term can be used of such a fake'. What is a trick, if it is not a fake? Is a trick less of a fake for being 'genuine', or is a 'genuine trick' a trick that is not a trick? To win the sum offered 'the rope must be thrown into the air and defy the force of gravity' (Colonel Elliot's italics). Just what is meant by defiance of the force of gravity—the appearance of defying this natural force, or actually defying it?

Is the Magic Circle virtually offering 500 guineas for performance of a miracle? Anything less is apparently dismissed as 'a conjuring trick'. Is it the Magic Circle as a whole, or only its Occult Committee, which has ceased to be interested in conjuring tricks? In his book *The Myth of the Mystic East* the Chairman of the Occult Committee says that, to him, 'a belief in the occult is a vestige of our primitive past'; and many will be found to share his view as regards surprising phenomena generally. As regards the so-called Indian Rope Trick in particular, it is abundantly clear from Colonel Elliot's book above referred to that the Trick has been seen from time to time in some of its possible forms. Mr. Arthur Darby ('Karachi') apparently does the Trick in a modified form at the present time. But has any person other than those who are manifestly incapable of judging the extent to which skilful manipulation can deceive them, or other than those who may have been tempted to set the Rope Trick bee buzzing still further, ever claimed that performances of the trick contain an element of the 'supernormal'? Is the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle making a ridiculous fuss about nothing, or does the shoe pinch somewhere?

Surbiton

P. W. F. MILLS

Very many of your readers must share my amazement and disappointment at the ignominious 'climb-down' of the Magic

Circle in its refusal to accept Karachi's very reasonable challenge. Colonel Elliot states that his Committee is not concerned with conjuring representations of the Rope Trick, although, according to his own argument, no other kind is possible. 'They do not interest us in the least', Colonel Elliot says. If this is true, then it is astonishing to learn that immediately after his Rope Trick meeting, the Magic Circle staged a conjuring version of the Trick at its headquarters. This was on May 17, 1934. An account of the experiment appeared in its organ, the *Magic Circular*, for July, 1934. We read that 'two beturbaned Hindus appeared and proceeded to qualify for the 500 guinea prize recently offered by the Occult Committee'. The figure of a boy 'swarmed up the rope in the traditional manner' and disappeared, an effect which was received with 'laughter and applause'.

In effect, Colonel Elliot states that his Committee is interested only in a 'ridiculous superstition'. Does your gallant correspondent seriously assert that he and his friends devoted an entire evening (and wasted the time of a number of distinguished persons) in order to 'kill a ridiculous superstition'? We shall be told next that they are organising a meeting in order to prove that falling downstairs on a Friday, sitting thirteen at table, crossing knives, etc., are also 'ridiculous superstitions'! No, Sir, the object of the Magic Circle meeting was to ascertain whether any person could produce the effect of the classic Rope Trick by any means. Karachi has now done this. In the *Daily Telegraph* of May 1, 1934, Colonel Elliot is reported as saying: 'If anyone will come forward and perform the Rope Trick before my Committee, he shall receive £500. We will give him every opportunity of showing his powers . . .' (My italics.) Karachi now rightly claims the opportunity promised by Colonel Elliot on behalf of his Committee.

I hope the Magic Circle's refusal to risk its £500 will not prevent Karachi doing his Trick in public, in London or Manchester, where the correspondence in THE LISTENER has aroused the keenest interest. Judging from Mr. Harry Price's article and the many photographs which have been published, it is apparent that Karachi can perform a version of the Trick which, in many ways, resembles the classic one. I suggest that that is why the London conjurers have become suddenly nervous and have refused Karachi's challenge. They are afraid. But in common justice to the Plymouth showman, they should stifle their timidity and give him a chance. Should Karachi fail to win their award, Colonel Elliot and his friends can hold another meeting and kill the Rope Trick all over again.

Manchester

HUGH MORRISON

'The Serial Universe'

Mr. Newman is mistaken in supposing that the conventional method of manufacturing a new two-dimensional continuum from two 'given' linear ones is analogous to the regressive processes of Serialism. The Serialist does not begin by saying: Let there be a time-1 and a time-2. His starting point is a single time-1, and he argues that, if an experimenter defines his object system in terms of that time-1, and then proceeds to consider the relation his instruments bear to that system, he will discover, as an empirical fact, that the instruments have to be defined in terms of a time-2. In Serialism, no new time-dimension may be added until this has been justified by the previous introduction of the observer of the system last considered. There is nothing analogous to this in the method of the pure mathematician who says, in effect: Let us suppose that a point is the intersection of two lines. The former method introduces the minus-sign of Relativity, the latter does not.

Mr. Newman, being a pure mathematician, relies upon generalisations. But he neglects to make sure that his generalisations fit. His original appeal to Relativity was, obviously, a mere slip. If space and time were equivalent in that theory, both would have the same sign, and Mr. Newman's whole argument is that this equivalence, absent in Relativity, is present in Serialism. Presumably he saw this when he shifted his ground but, unfortunately, his new generalisation is equally ill-chosen. No regress of a 'here' introducing new minus-signs can be developed on lines analogous to those which expose the regressive character of the time concept; and, if Mr. Newman had attempted that task instead of confining himself to assertions that it can be done 'almost mechanically', he would have discovered the flaw in his argument. The minus-sign in the time regress arises when you try to ascertain the temporal extension of the object world from information provided by a clock at a 'now' travelling along that time dimension. The result is the

hitherto inexplicable world of Relativity. The spatial analogy would be an attempt to map out a three-dimensional space system from the information provided by a scale at a 'here' travelling in *space*. That, as we know, leads directly to the world of Relativity, in which the minus-sign applies to time only.

Mr. Newman is correct in saying that the new book is not concerned with dreams but purports to show that time, as this enters into modern physics, is essentially a regressive conception. But his trump card—about which he has been so, pleasantly vague—turns out to be a blank. In the first place no competent physicist would accept his limitation of the use of dimensions in modern science; and, in this respect, Mr. Newman and the author of the *New Statesman* review appear to have been extremely badly advised. In the second place, had that advice been sound, it would have afforded no grounds for an attack upon Serialism, and the two reviewers should have perceived this. If we were concerned with a single measure of absolute time, one dimension would suffice to indicate that measurement. But what is measured in the real world is not just simply time, but time-multiplied-by-the-square-root-of-minus-one. And what I have shown is that this is a measurement in an infinite series of dimensions.

I presume that Mr. Newman does not expect me to debate *The Serial Universe* with him point by point, and I trust that he is now satisfied. May I hope, also, for his agreement that I could not reasonably be expected to anticipate attacks of this kind, and that there was no need for me to warn readers against them.

Paris

J. W. DUNNE

Factors and Inheritance

In the issue of your journal of January 16, you publish a report of a talk by Dr. John Baker on Factors and Inheritance. Without in any way questioning the facts there presented, we would however wish to be allowed to point out that the interpretation of the facts is a matter of some importance even to the layman. With regard to the relation of the structures observed under the microscope to the general problem of heredity and development of organisms, including man, there is a considerable diversity of opinion among scientific men and philosophers. Neither an authority on the problems of heredity such as Dr. E. S. Russell, nor an experimental biologist such as Professor Dürken, nor again a philosopher as eminent as Professor A. N. Whitehead, would agree, as their published opinions show, to the view which Dr. Baker summarises in the following: 'The fact that one grows up to be a human being at all and not a cat, for instance, is thought to be due to the factors in the chromosomes'. Such an extreme expression of the materialistic view would appear to many to be unjustifiable as a mode of explanation of the fundamental problem of the nature of living beings. The propagation of such views without the necessary corrective of a detached scientific attitude might lead to deplorable consequences, as recent history elsewhere has only too clearly shown. Only by the presentation of both sides of the question with the fullest exposition of the implications can a true case be submitted to the judgment of the layman as opposed to the scientific expert.

Imperial College of Science

F. G. GREGORY

(Assistant Director, Institute of Plant Physiology)

FRANK BAKER

Factory Continuation Schools

I also, along with Mr. G. E. Kirk of Nottingham, would like to know what are the subjects taken in the Factory Continuation Schools of Sir Kenneth Lee. Thirty years ago when I was a factory 'child' I went to evening continuation schools with one object in view, to educate myself to get out of the factory—which I did. I started as a half-timer at twelve, factory half a day, school the other half, and the factory won every time; hence the evening schools later on. I thanked God when the half-time system was abolished, and again when the school-leaving age was raised to fourteen. My son shall stay at school until he is sixteen.

LANCASHIRE LASS IN LONDON

Death on the Roads

So long as coroners continue to make irrelevant remarks upon road accidents, and magistrates refuse to enforce the penalties applicable to offenders under the existing law, so long will

upwards of one hundred and fifty people, mostly innocent of offence, continue to be killed each week. To illustrate the latter point I quote from the *Star* for December 18 last, where it was reported that a motorist 'drove a 26 h.p. car past traffic lights showing red in Uxbridge Road, Ealing, and knocked down and killed a pedestrian, who was walking with his wife'. The motorist 'was fined £10 and £10 costs, and his licence 'suspended for a year for dangerous driving'. For disobeying the traffic lights he was fined a further £1'. In contrast to the above case there was reported in the daily papers a few days ago a case in which a woman had been awarded £430 damages against a person whose dog was alleged to have bitten her leg, causing paralysis. The judgment was made after conflicting medical evidence had been heard.

London, N.W. 1

A. E. KIMMANCE

Medium and Craftsmanship

Some comment seems to be called for with regard to the two illustrations of sculpture chosen for Mr. Eric Newton's interesting talk in *THE LISTENER* of February 6. The two sculptures are strikingly dissimilar, but they are alike in their entire disregard of the mediums used—bronze and wood. Epstein's bronze bust is said to express 'the plastic qualities of the clay'. It does—and it is therefore a wholly false quality in bronze. The *lignum vite* woodcarving is shown as expressing 'static harmony and simplicity in a hard material', yet the same sculptor has carved strangely similar works in the quite different soft material of alabaster (see *Art Now* and *Unit One*). It is obvious that in his bronze busts Epstein cares nothing at all about material—he cares about life, expressed realistically in clay.

If one wishes to see bronze used with full understanding of its beauty and quality, one has to turn to the past—to Ancient Egypt or Archaic Greece or to the superb work of William Torel and the imagers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. As for the medium of wood, Ancient Egypt and Mediaeval Europe, or Ancient China, show complete and beautiful appreciation of its qualities. Yet these works are strangely unlike Mr. Moore's. I deny entirely that such work is the natural expression of a hard wood; it is really far more like a bronze. What then is the explanation of it?

Chipping Campden

ALEC MILLER

'Russian Tour'

Miss Picton-Turbervill, in her admirable letter in *THE LISTENER* of February 13, has dealt so faithfully with Signor Carlo Scarfoglio's 'objective' attitude towards Russia, praised in your review of his book *Russian Tour*, that I have only to beg space for a sentence to correct a misrepresentation of my own attitude in Signor Scarfoglio's letter of the same date. He says I sought to persuade him that the Bolshevik Government draws no profits from industry and that I added: 'We do not call them profits; we call them plus value'. I never made any such meaningless statement. In a conversation with him on the Bolshevik theory of value I said: 'They (meaning the Bolsheviks) do not regard surplus value as profits'.

Worcester Park

A. C. CUMMINGS

The Case for Fascism

It is curious that architects—a very sensible section of the community—should view with complacency the efforts of Mr. F. Skinner to organise them into a part of the comic-opera 'Anti-Fascist Front'. We are living in an age of social paralysis and economic decay and if our civilisation is to survive there is great need for a new dynamic movement full of disinterestedness and courage, to supplant existing economic brigandage and chaos with a planned economy in which the disgraceful anomaly of poverty in an age of abundance is for ever banished from the earth. If men and women do not agree with the Fascist proposals for our economic salvation and social survival, then they may win respect and redeem themselves from any suggestion of futility by working heart and soul for any other practical proposals; should there prove indeed to be alternatives to Fascism. But merely to oppose an 'anti' mentality to a great constructive drive is surely the mark of a brainless busybody.

British Union of Fascists, S.W. 3

A. K. CHESTERTON

Will W. McKerrow Crichton please let us have his address? We cannot consider publication of letters which do not give sender's address.

Fascism in Italy

(Continued from page 305)

trade, industry, the professions, and public employment, sport and the rest; some are there because there is no political career possible otherwise.

Now the admission of some 400,000 new members every year must make the Party working-class in the course of time. I wish to emphasise this strongly, as in the course of time it is obvious that this will cause the Government to become socialistic in the goods it delivers, if not free in the methods of giving them. But at the present the controlling posts are in the hands of the young men of the middle and rich classes.

When the youngsters join the Party at twenty-one, they take an oath which runs: 'In the name of God and Italy, I swear to execute the orders of the Duce, and to serve with all my strength, and if necessary with my blood, the cause of the Fascist Revolution', and the Fascist officials make it clear that those who take the oath, no longer belong to themselves, but to the Duce. There are youth organisations catering for all children from six to twenty-one. Entrance into this organisation, like most things in Italy, is 'voluntary'; but nearly everybody finds it convenient to join for educational, scholarship, employment, professional, charitable or athletic purposes. The Government has the monopoly of all school and post-school education. It allows the Catholic Church groups, for religious instruction only. The children are taught the Fascist doctrine in the easy, picturesque brave-deeds-for-youthful-heroes form, which they can understand. It is best summed up in the Ten Commandments of the Fascist Militia—which apply to all, children and grown-ups. You will find those commandments written on the walls of all the schools.

1. The Fascist and especially the fighter must not believe in perpetual peace.
2. Days in prison are always deserved.
3. You can serve the Fatherland even guarding a tin of petrol.
4. A comrade is a brother; because he lives with you; because he thinks like you.
5. Your rifle and cartridges are confided to you, not to be ruined in mischief, but to be preserved for war.
6. Don't say 'The Government pays so much', because it is you who pay, and the Government is the one you wanted and for which you put on the uniform.
7. Discipline is the soul of armies, without it there can be no soldiers, but only confusion and defeat.
8. Mussolini is always right!
9. There are no excuses for volunteers who are disobedient.
10. One thing must be dear to you above all: the life of the Duce!

The older they get the more militarist and nationalist the education. Yet *within* the National group, they teach the virtues of comradeship and social equality.

The Adult Leisure Time Organisation

Adults are taken care of by the *Dopolavoro* or Leisure Time Organisation, which runs all sorts of cultural, recreational and sporting activities for the workers. It does, indeed, perform quite remarkable services for its vast membership. It sets out to make men happier, physically fit, and to love the songs, the dances, the sports, the scenery and artistic treasures of their country, by excursions, cruises, athletic competitions, photographic competitions and exhibitions of their artistic work; and it arranges for cheap seats at theatres and cinemas. Many of us might like to see such an institution over here, but in that case you would be faced with a choice between more services and less freedom and initiative to do these things for yourself: or enjoying the freedom to do nothing at all, if that was your wish. Its purpose is also to take them away from the cafés, the wine-shops and the *piazza*, where they might talk politics, and be deflected from their duty to the State.

All the Press is in Fascist hands. Nothing else is known in Italy but what the Government chooses to tell in the way that the Government chooses to tell it. The same thing holds good of the radio—there is no opposition Party to claim an equitable share of the time. The Government subsidises a film institute which produces a news-reel portraying the activities of Mussolini. This institute has produced two films giving the history of the Fascist Revolution; they go to prove, as the

school books say, that Mussolini was right to 'chase away all the bad Italians'. Finally, the country is kept interested in Fascism by celebrations and anniversaries of one sort and another. There are numerous parades, dedications, the giving of medals for acts of civil courage. There are songs, cheers, waving flags, speeches. The Government displays itself all the time and displays itself, if I may say so, with very great efficiency. All this, you may feel, is necessary in what I call 'Government by acclamation'.

What has been the effect of all these things on the Italian people? I think it is generally agreed that, as far as production goes, Italy has fared little better than democratic countries. As far as distribution goes, it has probably fared worse. But on the credit side, this should be noticed: it has with remarkable energy executed a far-reaching policy of public works—irrigation, land drainage, housing, hydro-electric works, electrification of the railways. This has succeeded in reducing unemployment by something like one-fifth of the total. And now the Government has established a forty-hour week, which has resulted so far in the absorption of another one-fifth of the total. But in any case, Mussolini says: 'It is not comfort that we Fascists seek, but spiritual greatness'. An honest statement which many of us might applaud.

What Has Italy Gained Culturally?

What has Fascism given to the Italian people in spiritual and cultural value? Has the system produced that sense of national unity which Fascism regards as its primary purpose? Many observers think it has. Others would say that any national unity which can be seen is more apparent than real. It is admitted that conformity and imitation are more highly prized than free creativeness, for if you displease the leaders, political and administrative jobs will be closed to you. It is true that Mussolini said that what he wanted was a capable governing class. At first he thought he could get it in five years; later he decided it would take thirty years; now he urges still greater patience, as he says the Fascists have all the twentieth century in front of them.

In a democracy, to which we are accustomed in this country, you get a capable governing class by open competition and individual keenness. But in Italy competition is not public. It takes place behind closed doors, and individual keenness may well fear party discipline. This is a cause of serious anxiety to idealistic Fascists. It is a serious thing to lose the experience, the need and the appetite for self-government, and there is danger that a system which primarily encourages obedience, faith and discipline may cause the withering away of the former qualities. That may well be a danger to the ultimate success of any community. The inner travail of Mussolini, which came to maturity and power in a free regime, is quite lost on youth; and sincere Fascists know and deplore it.

The final truth about Fascism is this. It houses people with the most divergent views and interests. It must try to be everything to everybody. And the centre of all this is Mussolini, with an essentially pessimistic outlook on human life, but desperately determined, however, to make all people like himself—nation-loving, uncompromising, blunt in expression, energetic, hard-working, and quite disinterested. But he freely acknowledges that power and ultimate responsibility are for him alone. He alone keeps Fascism together. He alone can lead the Fascist Party; master his colleagues; put energy and will into his organisers; and balance all the conflicting interests in Italy. He alone makes the final decision in policy. His intuition and appetites determine the destinies of Italy. His personal fascination, his extraordinary industry, his astuteness, his ability to pension off friends who have served the country and can't contribute anything more, his inflexible and resolute will, his superb knowledge of the tactics required to win men to his support—all these keep the fundamentally conflicting interests of any modern society, and the contrasting outlooks, from flying apart. His, too, is the elasticity of mind which permits some public criticism, not of his policies but ways and means. He alone is the basis and the summit and the substance of Fascism. And many people in Italy as well as abroad openly wonder what will happen when he goes.

Mickey Mouse on Exhibition



Tracings, on celluloid, of original drawings for a sequence in 'The Klondike Kid'



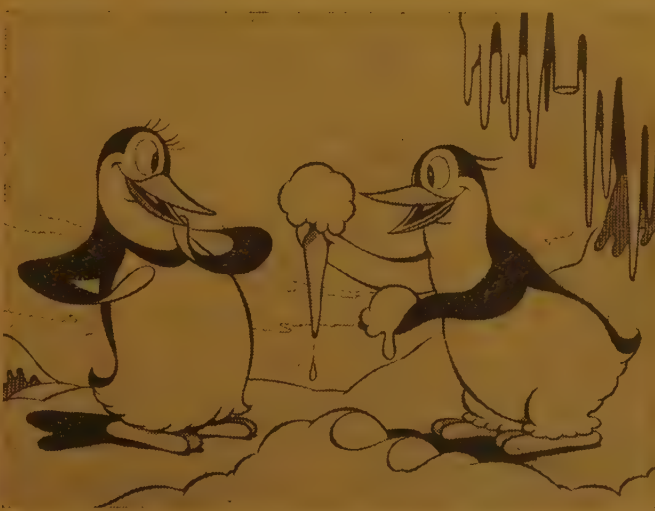
A member of Walt Disney's staff making drawings for a forthcoming cartoon



Girl artists making tracings from original drawings



Walt Disney (with camera, at right) and members of his studio staff studying live penguins—



—prior to making them into a Silly Symphony

To GERMANS Michael Maus, to Spaniards Miguel Ratoncito, to the Japanese Miki Kuchi, Mickey Mouse, like Charlie Chaplin, has his fans wherever he goes. His London fans are now flocking to the Leicester Galleries, partly to admire, and partly in order to qualify at last to deal with the question: How is Mickey made? And the answer, given in drawings, tracings, and photographs, shows every process from the first idea in the head of Mr. Disney. A Mickey film or Silly Symphony begins like any other, with 'gag' meetings, discussion of ideas, scenario, outline of sequences and scenes, and so on. When the musical score has been decided, the 'Animators' get to work on the first drawings, sketching only the beginning and end of an action, and suiting the number of actions to the beats in the musical score. Their sketches are passed to the 'In-betweeners', who draw the small changes that make a movement kinetic; after them the 'Inkers' transfer the draw-

ings boldly on to celluloid squares; and the illusion of action is achieved by superimposing these transparent drawings in rapid succession over the painted backgrounds, under the camera. On one wall at the Leicester Galleries hang two series, 'The China Shop' and 'Peculiar Penguins', of key-drawings in exact sequence, looking rather like a comic strip; while on another is a ten-picture cycle of Mickey (drawings and tracings) showing by the minute gradations in each how continuity of action is achieved. The most illuminating exhibits though are the examples of original colour sketches, for backgrounds in Silly Symphonies, with five or six superimposed layers of celluloid drawings which each add something to the general effect, so that by peeling them off rapidly the spectator can, so to speak, reverse the action of the film. There is a staff of 300 at the Disney studios; each picture takes 7,000 to 10,000 drawings; about 26 films go out every year. Mickey is very big business.

Back to Reason

The Deliverer of Helen Keller: Anne Sullivan Macy. By Nella Braddy. Muller. 12s. 6d.

Experience. By Desmond MacCarthy. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

Return to Philosophy. By C. E. M. Joad. Faber. 7s. 6d.

Portraits by Inference. By Humbert Wolfe. Methuen. 6s.

Suburban Columbus. By John Gibbons. Newnes. 7s. 6d.

A Modern Columbus. By S. P. B. Mais. Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

I HAVE just read an astonishing book about two astonishing people, *The Deliverer of Helen Keller: Anne Sullivan Macy*, by Nella Braddy. Everybody knows that Helen Keller was blind, deaf and dumb, and yet achieved a successful career; everybody who reads this book will know that the lady who trained her was almost as amazing a person. I hope I may be allowed to use the book here as a text for some remarks on that marvel of human reason awakened in spite of such incapacities. You can teach a dog to run after a ball, not to run under a cart-wheel, to eat a biscuit, or not to eat a biscuit. But you cannot teach a dog, and nobody tries to teach a dog, that a ball, a cartwheel and a round biscuit all describe one figure we call a circle. Helen Keller at the start was far less expressive than a dog; indeed, a dog is very expressive. She was hardly more expressive than a stone. But because the imprisoned mind was human, it was capable of infinite intellectual abstraction; could philosophise and study abstract sciences. They will tell you the modern world rebels against Religion. It rebels much more against Reason. And the other books before me illustrate different aspects of this modern quarrel about Reason.

I will take first Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's *Experience*. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy is well known to you as a brilliant broadcaster, as well as a brilliant writer in the more dingy and obscure den of literature; and his wielding of the most modern instrument should be enough to make him as modern. Also, though he is a valued friend of mine, his views are what some would call more modern than my own. And yet he would not misunderstand the compliment, if I tell him that he seems to me to be nearly two hundred years old. At least it is nearly two hundred years since there was anybody so reasonable as he is. He belongs to the age of Voltaire; a much more sympathetic and even tender-hearted Voltaire; but still Voltairean in the sense of not only being reasonable, but of *reposing* in reason. The age of Voltaire was an age of faith—in faith in reason. We know it now; because the age of D. H. Lawrence was an age of doubt about reason. Mr. MacCarthy is far more fair-minded than the first rebels of rationalism; but the point is that he has a faith in fairmindedness. He believes the human mind is capable of playing fair. Even more emphatically, the point is that he not only believes it but he has never doubted it. He carries on the confident continuity of rationalism; he is an eighteenth-century man; by which I mean that he is much more intelligent than the average twentieth-century man. He once said to me, 'I'm afraid I can't read any poetry that does not make sense'. You can see what devastating destruction that deals among modern poets. I never see him except against a background of formal Dutch gardens and with traces of powder on his hair.

You will find examples of my meaning here in the essay on Montaigne and others; a broad daylight of justice is everywhere; the only point I might myself question is in a passage about the simplicity with which the seventeenth century turned from idolising a man as a king to the religion that made men consider a king as a man. Yet it is a very Voltairean comment; I, a mere upstart, am more struck with the simplicity through which twentieth-century men talked as if a politician were not a man at all. That is the paradox; it was when kings were kings for life that poets talked of them as 'dressed in a little brief authority'. Politicians, whose authority was much more brief, were never reminded that they were mortal; and it was the new Prime Minister we hailed with the Oriental salutation, 'O king, live for ever'. But that is only a sample of a hundred things of interest to be found in this book. The point is that it all represents reason secure and enthroned; never doubting that it has a right to rule mankind.

Now I will take in contrast an extremely, even extraordinarily, interesting book by Mr. C. E. M. Joad: *Return to Philosophy*. Mr. Joad is regarded as a rebel of a rowdy and provocative type;

at least he regards himself like that and likes to be so regarded. No man is more certain that the things he does not know are not worth knowing; the Thomist philosophy or the case against Nudism. There is nothing wrong with him except being rather impatient. The point is, 'What is he impatient with now?' Well, he is very impatient with Aldous Huxley; with D. H. Lawrence; with psychoanalysis; in short, this very modern Modernist is thoroughly impatient with nearly all the Moderns. And he is quite right; because he is defending Reason against all the Moderns. What makes Mr. Joad so impatient is exactly what makes Mr. MacCarthy so patient. It is a faith in reason. He has written a rattling good book; a rational and forcible and convincing book; I would say a thoroughly orthodox book, but that it would distress him too much. But the interesting point remains; that Mr. Joad is in revolt on behalf of reason. He is in revolt against recent unreason. There are no traces of powder on his hair; unless it be gunpowder. In short, a whole nonsensical century yawns between Mr. MacCarthy, the last of the old rationalists, and Mr. Joad, the first of the new.

Another type of this rational detachment is Mr. Humbert Wolfe in his *Portraits by Inference*; but it is a rather distinct type. I can only say that Mr. Wolfe wants to be impartially outside everything, where Mr. MacCarthy wants to be impartially inside everything. Thus Mr. Wolfe can smile like a civilised man at the rather fatuous swagger of impropriety of George Moore about *Aphrodite in Aulis*; but touching the other joke about Earl Haig's statue, I feel somehow that Mr. MacCarthy, though almost a pacifist, would try to sympathise with the patriotic as well as the pacifist sentiment; while for Mr. Wolfe a military statue is merely an idol of the marketplace. But Mr. Wolfe is rich in humour; and there is something to be said for the detachment of the man of the minority. This is well illustrated in two books, now some months old, about America; where an Englishman is always in a minority, and if he is wise, will try to be detached. Curiously enough, they bear similar titles: *A Modern Columbus*, by S. P. B. Mais, and *Suburban Columbus*, by John Gibbons. The Modern Columbus tries to be impartial; but the Suburban Columbus is much the more independent. There is just that subtle difference between the man who wants Americans to feel that he is fair; and the man who doesn't seem to care a curse what they feel. Thus Mr. Mais has a most just and eloquent tribute to the present President; but, while every word of it is true, it cannot avoid the sound of a speech at a State banquet. Mr. Gibbons confesses he had been taught like other suburbanians that the Americans were our cousins; and believed it till he saw them. Then he realised they are a totally different race; more remote than the Portuguese. He sums it up very well; 'With the Portuguese I did not know what they were saying, but I knew what they were thinking. With the Americans, I did know what they were saying, but I did not know what they were thinking'. There is another case where the sharpest shrewdness is akin to a sort of humility. He says: 'I have only been in one war'; and in that the railways were choked with wounded; and he looks with mixed feelings at the monument at Chattanooga commemorating the fall of a few hundreds in the Battle Above the Clouds. But this is where he is so shrewd; he does not merely despise the little American fight; he does not even despise the Great War, now so facile a feat, but he confesses frankly that we did not quite know why we were in the Great War; whereas all the North and South knew why they were in the Civil War. That is a real criticism. The English were never taught any European history; and therefore never knew how right they were in the War in which so many million martyrs and heroes died. But the Chattanooga fight was a rational fight; it was terrible, like all fights; but it was in the daylight. It was not in our London fog. It deserved its noble name; it was the Battle Above the Clouds.

The Case for Group Settlement

Self-Subsistence for the Unemployed. By J. W. Scott. Faber. 6s.

Reviewed by LORD EUSTACE PERCY

ONE OF THE MOST hopeful signs of the present day is that land settlement is winning a new place in the pharmacopoeia of social reform as one of the most valuable remedies for unemployment. The remedy is no longer being offered in the crude druggist's form of 'smallholdings', on the efficacy of which experience has thrown such grave doubts, but in the more scientific form of group co-operation. Professor Scott here explains one of the many experiments which have recently been made in the technique of such co-operation—the experiment generally known as 'home-crofting'. It has been an experiment on a small scale, but that has not made it the less valuable as a laboratory test. The value of this book, however, consists, not so much in its detailed account of this particular experiment, as in its emphatic statement of the social philosophy on which any policy of co-operative land settlement must be based. Such settlement, Professor Scott rightly insists, is not a desperate remedy to be offered by the State to its least fortunate citizens, as a poor but tolerable alternative to permanent unemployment; it is to be regarded rather as a natural form of economic organisation, one which has occupied an important place in the economy of all civilised societies in all ages, and one which has become more, not less, essential in our modern industrial society, as the direct counterweight to the inevitable tendency of organised industry to destroy the market for its goods in proportion as it cheapens their production. This truth needs to be preached today in season and out of season. The conception of 'self-support', both as an economic activity not less socially useful than mass-production for sale, and as a moral ideal more dignified than the worship of industrial efficiency, is one of the main keys to the social reform of the future. If it is permissible for a reviewer to quote himself: 'the idea of self-support in its widest sense must increasingly become the keynote of much of our education'.

It is, perhaps, a pity that Professor Scott, whose main theme is group settlement on co-operative holdings, devotes so much of his book to an economic argument about family settlement on individual holdings. He insists that the only obstacles to the natural movement of industrial workers to the land are fluctuating rents and fluctuating prices, and he proposes to remove these two obstacles by a system of fixed rents and by a paper currency exclusively managed by the State, with the sole purpose of stabilising the price level. But this is, of course, not a complete statement of the case. If the rent question is any real obstacle to freedom of movement between industry and agriculture (which may be doubted), it is a far less serious obstacle than the industrial worker's lack of credit. One of the main complaints against the recent development of joint-stock banking is that, by swallowing up the private banker, it has made it increasingly difficult for any individual to raise capital on his personal credit. Credit has increasingly become an affair of pledged assets. It has been forgotten that, assuming the existence of a market for the goods in question, the credit-worthiness of any producer is not to be measured by the mortgageable value of his land, still less of his factory plant, but by his personal abilities. But Professor Scott's new system, instead of removing this obstacle, would apparently make it even more formidable. The landlord would be eliminated as a possible provider of capital, for he would be reduced to an even less responsible position than that of an urban ground landlord under a ninety-nine years' lease—a curious inversion of the usual judgment as to the relative social utility of agricultural and urban landlords. The banks would be unable to grant credit, for they would be confined to the function of loan-brokers. Finally, the State, which would assume the monopoly of deposit banking and currency creation, would apparently only be able to create 'credit pounds' on realisable assets. Even if this is not Professor Scott's intention, it is clear that a State banking monopoly would be the last kind of institution which would be able to base credit on personal knowledge of the individual borrower. These considerations do not constitute a refutation of Professor Scott's ideas, but they are considerations which he seems to have ignored, and his treatment of the subject is therefore unsatisfactory. He is on sounder ground, more relevant to his main theme, when he argues that an international currency is in itself undesirable as

between nations with different social standards. At least this argument of principle against an international gold standard is much more forcible than the kind of attacks on the wisdom of the Bank of England which one usually hears in current controversy.

But these criticisms do not affect the real value of the book. If Professor Scott greatly overrates the automatic efficacy of currency reform in promoting family settlement on the land, his main theme is group settlement, and here he recognises the need for deliberate effort and systematic organisation. Even here he does not perhaps realise the full implications of his policy, especially in regard to the amount of capital expenditure required; but that does not matter. He has rendered the service appropriate to a university teacher: he has worked a practical experiment on a laboratory scale and, on that basis, has given to many of us who are pressing for a large-scale plan of reform a reason for the hope that is in us.

New Novels

IN HER BROADCAST TALK on February 6, Miss E. M. Delafield reviewed the following novels:

Tzigane, by Lady Eleanor Smith (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.): 'The gipsy heroine, Hassina, falls in love with a lion-tamer—also a gipsy. After one meeting they are forced apart by circumstances, but Hassina, a child of sixteen, cherishes a romantic fidelity to the memory of her lover. Eventually an Englishman, much older than herself, falls madly in love with her, and they marry—Hassina having been told that Brazil is dead. It is, of course, obvious from the start that there will be another meeting between Hassina and her lion-tamer—but the end of the book is not obvious and the whole is quite worth reading'.

The Trial of Linda Stuart, by Mary D. Bickel (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.): 'is entirely concerned with a murder trial, the chapters dealing alternately with the actual conducting of the case in Court and with the real happenings as they took place previously. It is a very ingenious idea, and has been well worked out'.

Susan and Joanna, by Elizabeth Cambridge (Cape, 7s. 6d.): 'I feel that Miss Cambridge has failed over most of the characters, and certainly over the pattern of the book as a whole. Joanna and Susan both fall in love with the same rather odious young man, and he proposes to Susan. Although she is in love with him, she has the courage and honesty to refuse him, realising that he has neither sensitiveness nor intelligence where personal relatives are concerned. Joanna marries him, and lives to rue the day. Susan, who marries also, achieves happiness'.

Two Months' Grace, by Peter Stucley (Selwyn and Blount, 7s. 6d.): 'The author felt that . . . the awful scramble we all struggle in was becoming altogether too much for him. He did not content himself with mere thought, but very sensibly left his job and went to Greece. The book is an account of his impressions of places and people, and is quite exceptionally rich in observation, humour, and a kind of calm satire that I found most attractive'.

Bulldog Drummond at Bay, by 'Sapper' (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.): 'is better to my mind than any of the series, excepting perhaps the first. There are several murders, some stern chases by motor-car and aeroplane, a victim imprisoned in a cellar, and at least one situation from which escape appears entirely impossible'.

Storme Haven, by Joyce Mayhew (Barker, 8s. 6d.): 'A romantic story that does not altogether escape the charge of being a sentimental one as well. The descriptions of the Californian background are good'.

The Young May Moon, by Nora Lloyd (Nelson, 7s. 6d.): 'contains a starkness, a rigid absence of sentimentality, that is rather surprising in a first novel, and very much to the credit of its author. The heroine's adolescent mind—a mixture of hardness, romanticism, innocence and guile—is quite admirably shown. While she is still in her 'teens, political troubles rend her surroundings, and the culminating scene is an ambush in which her cousin is killed. The effect of the tragedy on Aileen's immature mind is most convincingly depicted'.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Exemplary Mr. Day, 1748-1789

By Sir S. H. Scott. Faber. 8s. 6d.

THE EXEMPLARY MR. DAY, author of *Sandford and Merton*, is one of that numerous class of people whom it is delightful to read about but with whom it would have been far less delightful to live. In spite of the most elevated sentiments and highest principles (he spent his years at Oxford in the discovery of moral truths which 'he investigated with the severity of logical induction and the depths of metaphysical research'); he had few friends. It is true that he had a wife, but few good men can have been so rebuffed or have taken such methodical pains to avoid an unfortunate choice. Mr. Day, who joined to a slighting estimate of the female sex a profound belief in the powers of education and soundly inculcated moral precepts, chose from founding institutions two likely children to be trained and prepared as a prospective wife. Two were selected in the hope that in this way all possibility of failure would be avoided. The result momentarily shook his faith in the powers of precept and training as, later, his belief in the 'Noble Savage' was undermined by the hard facts of experience. But a friend, as it were by chance, happened on the paragon and Day obtained a perfect and self-sacrificing wife, devotedly attached to himself. He must, in fact, in spite of all eccentricities, have been a very remarkable man. He was didactic, opinionated, egoistic, without humour, his appearance was 'not prepossessing', he 'seldom combed his raven locks', his clothes were not suited to a gentleman though he was 'remarkably fond of washing in a stream'. Yet in spite of all this he had Richard Lovell Edgeworth (father of Maria Edgeworth), gay, elegant, amorous, as a lifelong friend. There was a benevolence and sterling goodness that for those who had eyes to see it outweighed all defects. He could talk well though often he talked at inordinate length, he wrote successful political pamphlets, a very successful sentimental poem and *Sandford and Merton*. Children loved him and he could tell a story.

His happiest years were those spent with his wife in a remote country district. He devoted himself to agriculture, to easing the hard lives of the village folk with his generous charities and to generally brightening their lives. To them he was 'the good Mr. Day' and they sincerely mourned him, as well they might. He was thrown and killed by an unbroken colt that he was riding. He had a theory that kind treatment was sufficient to turn the wildest animal into the gentlest pet. Nothing, short of this, could shake him out of his theories. It would have been easy to mock and make merry over such a life, distorting it. Sir Samuel Scott has written a charming, humorous but balanced book, avoiding pitfalls.

The Tragedy of the Assyrians. By Lt.-Col. R. S. W.

Stafford. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

Apart from its intrinsic interest, everyone who cares for the honour of his country should read this book. The author, whose *bona fides* is beyond dispute, gives us a record of facts, written with studied moderation and impartiality. The Assyrians, once they felt that they had been betrayed, became truculent and foolish. The Iraq Government, faced with an exceptionally difficult problem, showed few signs of statesmanship. Neither fact is particularly surprising nor inexcusable. The blame and responsibility must lie with the Mandatory Power. The history of the betrayal starts at the end of the Great War, in which the Assyrians were our allies. They asked for nothing but the opportunity to return to their native land and received a definite promise upon this point from Colonel McCarthy when he first recruited them as British Levies in 1918. As Colonel Stafford shows, there can be no question but that their subsequent faithful service from 1919 to 1932 was due to their implicit faith that the British Government realised its responsibilities towards them. It is also proved that this very service was the direct cause of their unpopularity with the Arabs and of the consequent massacre. Some slight effort appears to have been made to persuade the League of Nations to include their land within the Iraq boundary in 1925. If there had been prospects of oil, doubtless the effort would have been proportionately greater!

In Chapter VI we read of British Representatives refusing to face facts at Geneva. Obligations having already been bungled,

the only remedy chosen was to gamble with the lives of our friends and protégés. Thus Sir Francis Humphries: 'The Assyrians, Chaldeans and Yezidis were well treated in the time of the Turks and there was no reason why they should be badly treated after the termination of the Mandate'. In reality no such analogy could be drawn, for as the author rightly emphasises throughout the book the problem was a political and not a religious one. Incidentally the reviewer remembers putting this very suggestion to Daniel Ismail, brother of the notorious Yacu, of the book in 1930. In reply he pointed out the difference between our pre- and post-War prestige, stressing the fact that whereas the former Turkish Empire was sensitive to European opinion, the modern Iraq State, once freed from the Mandate, would show herself indifferent and hostile. Colonel Stafford's description of the public insult to the British Consul in Mosul after the Assyrian massacres was a tragic reminder of that conversation. The author states that one of his reasons for placing these facts on record is to 'show that the future of the Assyrians is still unsettled'. It is to be hoped that his excellent book will stir up British conscience and thus promote steps towards redeeming, as far as may now be possible, a most unsavoury episode in British Imperial History.

The Conquest of the North Pole. By J. Gordon Hayes Thornton Butterworth. 18s.

Northern Conquest. By Jeannette Mirsky
Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

Elsewhere Mr. Gordon Hayes has attempted a critical study of modern Antarctic exploration. Here he endeavours to do the same thing for the Arctic regions. It can be claimed that better results will be obtained if studies such as these are conducted by authors who have not themselves taken part in the work and who are therefore less prejudiced. This is arguable, but it is questionable whether the loss through lack of experience is offset by an equivalent gain in impartiality. The contemporary historian can in any case only with difficulty avoid bias. For instance, criticism of the recently deceased explorer is much more easy than the similar treatment of the survivors of the same or even a previous generation. Into this trap Mr. Hayes appears to fall.

The period covered by the book is a particularly interesting one. It has seen the zenith of dog sledging when a remarkably high standard of attainment in dog-management has been attained and surprising records made by parties of all nationalities. A marked feature has been the intense growth of nationalism, one outcome of which has been the partition, exploration, and exploitation of polar territories. During these years wireless telegraphy, air-propelled sledges, aeroplanes, and dirigibles have been added to the armoury of the polar traveller, and to the responsibilities and sometimes, in the case of wireless, to the difficulties of the communities. Both Poles have been reached by air, and the North polar basin crossed. It has, indeed, been the most interesting of all polar eras, except perhaps that which immediately preceded it, when the Poles themselves were the main objectives. With all these things Mr. Hayes deals, and he has a flair for picking out interesting and outstanding incidents which stands him in good stead. His method—short preliminary historical summaries followed in turn by narrative and criticism—is good, and he is the great exponent of the illustrative schedule which makes journeys easy of comparison. A valuable appendix deals with the advantages and disadvantages of that method of exploration which depends on hunting for its essential supplies.

Miss Mirsky has attempted a more comprehensive task. Hers is an uncritical book. As her introducer—Vilhjalmur Stefansson—suggests, she has preferred to let explorers speak for themselves. Nevertheless the result is good. If polar exploration were a subsidiary subject in University education, this would be the best textbook yet produced. Both the generalities and the particularities of exploration are well brought out, and the narrative is above all well-proportioned. Polar exploration has been an international affair and this account of it through the centuries from Pytheas to Watkins is written by an internationally-minded person and is the more refreshing in a world where nationalism is rampant. For the first time Russian explorers receive due

● *Expert Opinion on*

The Serial Universe

by J. W. Dunne

Eight years ago, Mr. Dunne produced his logical theory of 'regressive' time, in which the receding ultimate 'observer' must elude always any kind of death that we can bring into the picture. But empirical evidence (apart from the testimony of dreams) that the Time Concept is, in fact, regressive was lacking. Mr. Dunne believes now that he has discovered that evidence in modern physics.

No expert physicist, hitherto, has commented upon Mr. Dunne's competence to speak of modern physics, in advancing this new claim. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we print below the verdict (published in *Nature*) of so eminent and cautious an authority as Professor Herbert Dingle, D.Sc., A.R.C.S.

From '*Nature*', 9 February, 1935.—'We are concerned with the truth. Physics... is committed to a regressive time concept which it has not employed. Anomalies are therefore found: we are involved in "imaginary" time and indeterminacy. Only by accepting the fact of regression can these anomalies be removed....'

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credit in a world review, but Russian contributions are not over-emphasized. The strife as well as the co-operation of the nations is well shown. In whaling and in exploration monopolies by the nations are portrayed side by side with monopolies within nations—the rulers and the great trading companies—with freetraders, freebooters and with privateers or gentlemen adventurers. England is shown acquiring seamanship as a bye-product of exploration and whalemanship at second hand from the Basques. The motives which have driven explorers to the North are well explained. Gold, the desire for fame, commerce, and science, one predominant at one period, another at another period, but all operative all the time: while the misogynist, the bridegroom, and the murderer occasionally make notable contributions through their urge or their need to flee from civilisation. The slowness of the explorer to learn from the natives of the polar world, and his final grasping of the lesson and its result, are given due place. In the learning, parties without civilised resources survive for one or even for several seasons: others, supported by the resources of their day, perish miserably of scurvy. The Eskimo make their notable contribution: one Eskimo explores for a quarter of a century and rounds off his career in true accord with modern civilisation by writing his memoirs. Migrating deer lead Lyakhov north over the sea ice and mammoth ivory is his reward.

The Red Executioner. By B. Jaxa-Ronikiev
Denis Archer. 18s.

This is not a book for the squeamish. It is a biography, in the 'romantic' style of Felix Dzierjinski, the famous Bolshevik leader who was chiefly responsible for the conduct of the Terror through the Tcheka, or secret police. From interior evidence we learn that the author has had access to many first hand sources of information, in the archives at Moscow and elsewhere; but the reader is given no means of checking their use, either by references, bibliography, or index. The book, therefore, can only be treated as fiction erected upon a substructure of fact. It is cleverly written, so as to make the fiendish cruelty of its hero credible by analysis of his psychology. Considerable space is given to Dzierjinski's youthful sufferings. After a good education, he was destined for the Church, but soon turned to political agitation, and was arrested, tortured and deported to Siberia. The way to his character is made to turn upon his love affair with a young girl, Zosia Kaszprzak, who followed him and became the inspiration of his life. But both of them were thrown into prison, and Zosia disappeared from her lover's ken for years. When he finds her again, after the Revolution has broken out, she has become a degraded prostitute; and this turns his brain, and leads him (hitherto unable to do violence) to devote the rest of his life to systematic murder and cruelty. A good account is given of Dzierjinski's organising powers, both in the reaction of the Tcheka and later the reorganisation of the railways, and of Russia's trade. According to the author, the Communist leaders, including Lenin himself, were afraid of Dzierjinski, and tried, but without success, to put him out of the way. But the Red Executioner, too, was afraid of the ghost of Zosia, who kept reappearing before him in the guise of various women prisoners whom he had to examine. The end of the story sees Dzierjinski breaking down under the repeated hallucinations and dying opportunely at the moment when his colleagues had determined that he was becoming unbearable. Many pages of this book are taken up with accounts of the horrible tortures devised by Dzierjinski and his subordinates for their victims. How much is truth and how much fable in all this we cannot at present tell; some of the stories seem beyond the power of human invention.

The Story of Scotland in Stone. By Ian Hannah
Oliver and Boyd. 12s. 6d.

Interest in Scotland as a country has grown so rapidly in recent years that it seems surprising how little has been written popularly about Scottish architecture. The public is not really interested in architecture; pupils are not taught to use their eyes at school, or (least of all) anything about the architecture of their own country. In popular literature too, continual stress is laid on the associative or 'romantic' side of a building's story. Mr. Ian Hannah has therefore pioneered in his book, *The Story of Scotland in Stone*, for he has produced a work of reasonable length on Scottish architecture from the earliest times and, so far as one knows, no other such book exists. Information in great detail is packed into the book, and, as one might guess

from the title and dedication, he imparts it all in a highly picturesque manner. He tells the story of early stone carvings and the genesis of Celtic art in great detail illustrated by many line blocks, and his conclusions are both interesting and original; so also with gothic buildings, except that further illustrations to clarify the text are badly needed. But after that his book tails off. That is not to say that Mr. Hannah fails to grasp the vital significance of sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century architecture and its 'functional' kinship with modern design, or that he completely omits any important aspect of eighteenth-century developments; but his survey is not so complete as it is of the early centuries. What portfolio-surveys of Scottish architecture there are contain drawings of at least some of the Aberdeenshire castles—Craigievar, Midmar, Castle Fraser, Crathes and so on, and their significance in relation to the 'functional' principles underlying both contemporary Scottish architecture and modern architecture is so striking that it is difficult to understand their omission from this book. Nor does Mr. Hannah seem to appreciate fully the importance of the Greek revival in Scotland or he could never have omitted mention of such outstanding men as 'Greek' Thomson, still less Hamilton whose Royal High School at Edinburgh is one of the finest products of the early nineteenth century in existence. He may say that the Greek revival does not form part of Scottish architecture, but since he treats of Playfair, who was very much part of that movement, it is difficult to see why he omitted mention of two such outstanding men as Thomson and Hamilton.

There has been such a crying need for a book of this kind that it is perhaps ungracious to carp at deficiencies which (apart from the lack of photographs) mainly arise from the natural archaeological predilections of the author; but in passing one may express the hope that some day we may have a comprehensive history of Scottish architecture in which modern developments, however doubtful in value, will receive proper attention and criticism. Apart from those items mentioned, this book is comprehensive and remarkably detailed, worthy of proper study by all those who desire to develop their knowledge of Scotland to something beyond that obtainable from ordinary descriptive literature, which is singularly devoid of worth-while architectural information.

Birds in Britain Today. By G. C. S. Ingram and
H. M. Salmon. Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.

Recently—if belatedly as compared with the United States and Germany—there has been a notable advance in this country towards co-operation in a national bird survey. The British Institute of Ornithology at Oxford was a big step; and in several counties observers are taking part in sectional surveys which have been originated there. The work under review, which fulfils its comprehensive title, is, therefore, timely. Mr. Ingram and Mr. Morrey Salmon are distinguished ornithologists, and, what is no less important, their main interest is in the bird itself, not in obtaining photographs of it (though many of those they have taken are first-rate) and certainly not in collecting its skin or its eggs. Indeed, in almost every chapter they have a rebuke for those who put the wrong things first, to the detriment of several interesting species. The authors are almost whole-hoggers for protection. They do not go so far as to suggest that shooting estates should be sanctuaries for birds of prey, but they do advise keepers to leave the hobbies, honey buzzards, merlins, and kestrels alone, and to 'let the others, even if they do take a small toll, have some place on the outskirts where they do least damage'. They have been shocked by watching the greater black-backed gulls tearing up puffins and shearwaters, but they admit that the two latter have gone on increasing in numbers over a period of years; and they are content to urge 'intelligent conservation methods which will put a check on the oppressive species as soon as, or just before, it becomes detrimental to the well-being of the species it is desired to protect'.

The book covers so much ground that it seems ungracious to ask for a still larger scope, but we wish it had included Ireland. As it is, we hope Irish naturalists will produce a similar study. Changes in the status and distribution of birds over the whole British Isles for the fifteen years that have elapsed since the publication of Witherby's *Practical Handbook* would then be covered in a manner that would appeal to the three classes to whom Mr. Ingram and Mr. Morrey Salmon address themselves—the expert, the interested bird-lover and the beginner. This book would also have gained in value if an appendix had been devoted to listing birds which have declined or increased in numbers in, say, the last decade. Much information of the kind

is included in the text, and it could easily have been collected into plus and minus categories. For the decrease of choughs, the authors blame the use of steel traps for taking rabbits, rather than the rivalry or depredations of jackdaws. They blame the egg-collector for the decline in dunlin; they might have blamed him, too, for the reduced numbers of red-backed shrikes. The most striking example of a declining species is the corncrake, but fortunately, it is maintaining its numbers in the north. The redstart is quoted as a bird that is at present subject to a seasonal fluctuation; and the spotted crake and the quail as two species which are less scarce than is usually supposed—because they are not looked for. The great crested grebe is a familiar case of a species that has recovered from heavy losses, but it is suggested that it reached its maximum in 1925. There is a remarkable piece of evidence about the gannet: the Grassholm colony numbered about nine hundred birds in 1905; twenty-eight years later it had not less than sixteen thousand—and that increase has not brought any decline in Pembrokeshire fisheries! Another welcome gain to British bird life is the increase in numbers and range of many species of ducks and also of turtle doves. The authors have happily introduced many of their own interesting observations in the field—such as the accounts of shearwaters 'taking-off', and of pied flycatchers adapting themselves to a side-entrance which had been 'treated' for photographic purposes. Most of the sixty-five pictures have been taken in the open and not at nests.

Music in the Modern School

By Thomas R. Mayne. Dent. 5s.

The steady output of books on this subject is surely significant of the fact that music is now a subject of recognised importance in the school curriculum. And, although the writers of these books must necessarily traverse the same ground to a very large extent, nearly all have something to add to the general fund of suggestive ideas. Dr. Mayne's book is in many places provocative of thought—the kind of thought that moulds a teacher. In this it ought certainly to achieve its purpose of helping inexperienced teachers: but in other places the matter is somewhat controversial. Our feeling on closing the book is that we have met a guide who tells us where we should go, and then too frequently leaves us to find our own way. Some of the headings, indeed, receive such scanty notice that we are led to wonder whether they have seriously entered into the author's practical experiences. It is regrettable that so many books of this nature omit a short list of reliable authorities to which the reader might turn for more detailed information than is possible in one which touches upon the many problems encountered in the full consideration of school music.

Surely teachers, and educational authorities too, must by now be satiated with the reiteration (supported by references to the classics) of the benefits resulting from the study of music. Is not this, today, a case of knocking at the open door? Ten years spent in close touch with elementary schools, running into the thousands, in all parts of the country have left on the present reviewer a vivid impression of the keenness with which music is welcomed in them almost without exception, and the ability with which it is taught. There will always be room for improvement in teachers, but is not a beginning in this respect to be sought through the Training Colleges? When these make music a regular subject and give (1) a general knowledge of it to all students (2) a special training to those qualified to make it their principal subject, then we may expect the supply to catch up the demand, and a steady output of efficient teachers.

The German Revolution

By H. Powys Greenwood. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Greenwood's book is not to be numbered among the partisan interpretations of present-day Germany. 'I have tried to put aside all political bias', he says, 'to refrain from striking moral attitudes, and to show both points of view upon the innumerable controversial questions involved'. The marked success he has achieved in his struggle for the open-minded view, his intimate knowledge of German life and his contacts with Germans in high places and of ordinary rank combine to make his book thoroughly worth reading. Finality in the interpretation of shifting scenes cannot be claimed, but the attempt to understand, to apply the historian's method rather than the politician's, is worth making. Mr. Greenwood's determination to be fair-minded at all costs may have rendered some of his judgments unduly cautious and some parts of his narrative

unduly spare. He does not always press the question '*cui bono*' far enough. The account he gives of the burning of the Reichstag, which he summarises as an 'unsolved mystery', and his analysis of the meaning of the events of June 30 last year, which enlarged Hitler's authority without, in his view, serious loss of popularity, will cause uneasiness to some readers. But he does make a serious effort to get things into perspective and to sift his information, and therein lies the claim of his book upon the attention of thoughtful readers. In the first section of *The German Revolution* the unreal character of the Weimar system is stressed—'the Socialists were not really Socialist; the Republicans were not really Republican; the various "People's Parties" were not really "People's Parties"; the die-hard Monarchists were not really prepared to die figuratively or literally, nor had they a candidate for the Monarchy'. The National-Socialist appeal is set against this background and its programme appears thus as a seemingly possibilist programme in a not uncongenial environment. Mr. Greenwood does not minimise its paradoxical elements but he seeks both to explain it and to explain the Nazi victory. He attempts in the last part of his book to make an estimate of tendencies and probabilities. Here, like other people, he has few certainties to offer. He does not believe 'in the famous economic collapse' so often predicted by emigrants and others, but he does believe that 'events rather than men' are in the saddle and are marching to their 'fated conclusion largely uninfluenced by the cerebation of monarchs, dictators, Napoleons of finance and economists'. If the Nazi framework remains intact, policy may be modified. Further, modern revolutions are tenacious. This tenacity, in conjunction with the refusal to accept the Versailles 'settlement' and with the dynamic forces of Racialism and Propaganda, provide a standing menace to the maintenance of peace. The Germans 'want many things which may lead to war' and understanding between the nations is hard to build. It may be that Mr. Greenwood has over-emphasised the 'ideological' background of Nazism—he makes interesting use of the philosophies of Spengler, Moeller van den Bruck and Carl Schmitt—and underestimated the importance of economic forces. At any rate, he has written a very readable and useful book, the more so as he is not himself an apostle of the Nazi faith.

A Desert Journal. By Evangeline French, Mildred Cable, and Francesca French. Constable. 7s. 6d.

These letters from Central Asia are the work of three women who between them have done nearly a hundred years of missionary work in the Far East. They are women who seem, in the literal sense, possessed by an evangelical determination which has sustained them in a life of discomfort and peril; and this account of a missionary pilgrimage in the most inaccessible parts of China and Turkestan is something unusual in travel chronicles. There is an old-fashioned piety in these travellers, a natural kinship with Christian and Faithful which makes them seek the most perilous places for their gospel campaigns. They are the Church Militant, indifferent to bandits, fevers and the rigours of the Gobi Desert; and their frequent comments upon victories won and souls redeemed have a salvationist quality which gives the book an original flavour. On one occasion a Chinese General and his staff came to see them, with no friendly intent. Before long, we read, they were having a long talk, 'after which he asked for music, and was shortly singing with us a patriotic tune adapted to the words "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life"'. On leaving he asked for a large number of chorus sheets for his men'. No ordinary proselytisers could get away with that.

They travelled in a ponderous wooden cart, boiled their kettles over a handful of dried manure, and slept in whatever was handy. They set up their preaching tent on any likely pitch and even button-holed Moslem priests. They note the various methods of husbandry they encounter; they probe into the causes of migration; they have an eye for the sights of the road and the market-place. And all through this very pleasant journal there runs a humanity which seems kinder and bigger even than their professed faith. They seem to be doing much more than convert the strange people they live among. By all their years of patient mingling with these semi-barbarians they have cultivated an understanding of them which makes their book something more than a record of missionary achievement. *A Desert Journal* has none of the brilliance and sophistication of some of our modern travel-reporters. But it has roots, and that gives it a refreshing distinction among many cleverer books.